

THE AMERICAN
Legion

MAGAZINE

MAY 1948 15¢

Battling Rio Grande
Dope Smugglers

The Fine Art of
Selling Yourself



KUHN

GOEBEL BANTAM

The world's largest selling beer in small bottles



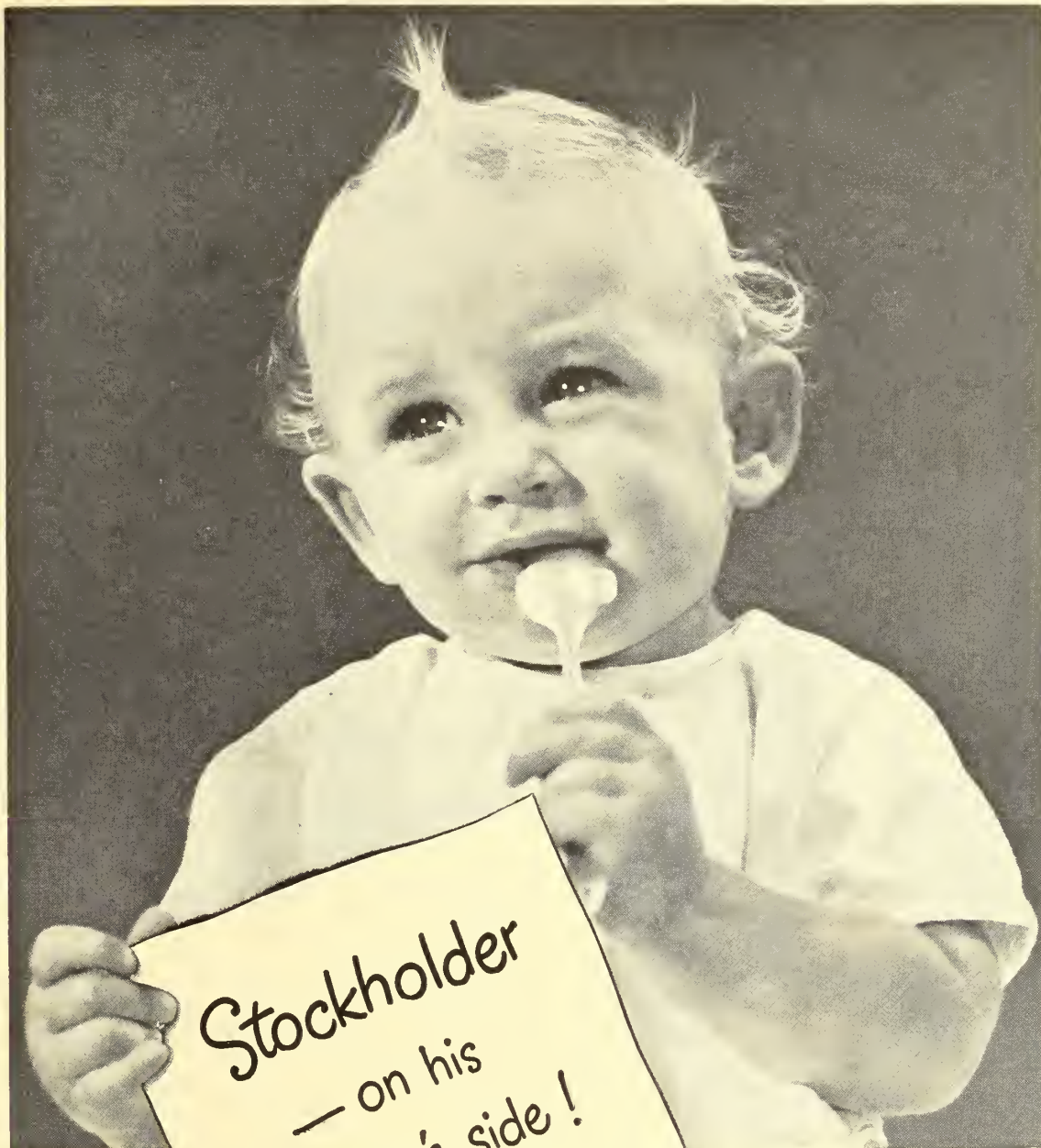
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GOEBEL BEER
in the original
BANTAM BOTTLE



THIS little fellow wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth but his mother is a stockholder just the same. For she's one of the thousands and thousands of mothers — young and old — among the 390,000 women who are stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. They outnumber the men!

They are women in all walks of life. The majority give their occupation as "housewife." Many others are teachers, nurses, stenographers, clerks and sales people.

Tens of thousands of girls and women who work for the Telephone Companies either own A. T. & T. stock or are buying it out of wages.

No other stock is so widely held by so many people all over America — and there are more stockholders now than ever before. The total exceeds 723,000.

So you can see that this is a business that is owned by the people. It was built by the savings of the many, rather than the wealth of the few.

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**CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL
TEST?**



TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair...relieves dryness...removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

**YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
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CREAM-OIL**



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AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair!



TUNE IN . . . TWO NETWORK SHOWS! "The Adventures of Sam Spide" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

THE AMERICAN
Legion NO. 5
MAY 1948
VOL. 44
MAGAZINE

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publication Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1948 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

WESTERN OFFICE • 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

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Postmaster: Please send notices on Form 3578 and copies returned under labels Form 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis 6, Ind. Please do not send notice on Form 3578 if a notice has already been sent to the publishers of The National Legionnaire, Indianapolis, Indiana, with respect to a copy similarly addressed.

The American Legion Magazine is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1948. Published monthly at 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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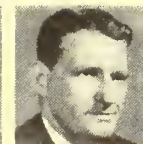
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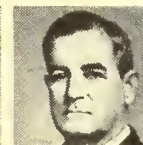
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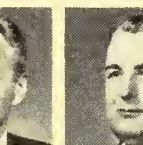
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GOVERNORS of all 48 states, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and District of Columbia urge every American—urge *you* to help the new National Guard in your community.

YOUNG MEN—offer your services to your country for a few hours each week—enlist *today* in the new National Guard.

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HOMEMAKERS—encourage your menfolk in their Guard activities and tell other women about the new National Guard.

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For information, see the commander of the National Guard unit in your community or write the Adjutant General of your State.

For Copies of this Ad Write to National Guard Bureau, The Pentagon, Room 2E-379, Washington 25, D. C.

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Fellowship ★ Training
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FOR THE MAKIN'S OF A
GREAT CIGARETTE, YOU CAN'T
BEAT P.A.! IT'S CRIMP CUT—
ROLLS UP FAST AND EASY!

**The National
Joy Smoke**



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N.C.

The Editors' Corner



THIS MONTH'S COVER is the work of Bob Kuhn, a native of Buffalo and a resident of Roxbury, Conn., best known for his telling portrayal of birds and animals in the leading out-door magazines. His technique, perspective and warm feeling on almost any subject is outstanding. We think the cover he did for us is about tops in expressing the feeling of Memorial Day—a moment of reverence in which life carries on but is not forgetful of those who went before.

Kuhn's painting is a memorial for all our fallen comrades, and it is a real one, since for Kuhn it is a personal memorial to his close friend, William Hobson, of Lakewood, Ohio, who was killed in the performance of his duty with the United States Navy in June, 1943.

The Most Interesting Letter

Our prize contest for the most interesting letter submitted for use in Sound Off has brought us more interesting letters than we could publish in ten years. One correspondent told us such contests are bad medicine, because for every winner you have thousands of disgruntled losers. We will be the first to admit that literally hundreds of letters which don't win could be convincingly pleaded as winners, and believe us we squirm when awarding the prize to just one of the several hundred letters we think are about equal. We can truthfully say to the others that it hurts us more than it does you.

But we don't agree with our critic that we are making enemies, because this is not a newspaper bent on circulation or a soap-selling scheme, it is The American Legion and we aren't going to walk off in a huff because someone else got \$100 when we didn't. Something stronger than greed holds us together. From reading all the mail we know something else too. We would have gotten almost the same letters

if we'd simply asked for them. Most of the letters told us so.

We want to keep on getting that mail. It is the closest bond between your editors and you and there is no substitute for it. Meanwhile, for an indefinite period, one of the writers is going to get \$100 each month, and we are boosting the word limit to 300.

Ideas in Brief

A lot of those letters we discussed above which we couldn't find room to print offered interesting suggestions for Legionnaires and Posts, and in condensed form we want to try to sneak a few of them in this column. Here are some:

L. H. McReynolds, of Malcolm D. Jeffrey Post, Columbus, Ohio suggests that a digest of what happens at each Post meeting be mimeographed and sent to members who were absent. He thinks more members would turn out if kept informed of what's going on, and the problem shouldn't be solved simply by saying "They oughtta come to meetings." . . . And Fred Korotkin, of Northside Post, Minneapolis, adds to that with the suggestion that publicity on coming events at your Post be considered seriously by anyone connected with those events. He cited several floppers at his Post which flopped because the editor of the Post paper wasn't tipped off—and then he cited a whale of a success for an event on which he was informed, and which he was able to pass along to the local papers. . . .

Many Legionnaires wrote in to recommend that you make it a point to visit patients at your nearest VA hospital . . . One tells of visiting his father, a patient in a VA four-bed ward. On the first visit the father said, "Son, don't ever come in here again without saying 'Hello' to those other three men. They've never had a visitor." . . . Another said it's a simple matter for you to wrap up all your old magazines and send them to "The Library, Veterans Administration Hospital (your nearest.)" He says they will be read until they fall apart . . .

Sure Cure for Lead Bottom

A young veteran wrote us recently to discuss a war injury which he found to be not uncommon. This affliction might be called "dislocation of the initiative." Doctors could call it by the fancy title of *plumbum gluteus maximus* but you'd have to look that up. It is simply the frame of mind which leads one to wait until someone tells him what to do or gives him something, and then to accept whatever is given. This disease is a human trait which is too often aggravated by military service of certain kinds, and our young veteran thought it should be classified as a service-connected disability because it cripples men for civilian life.

We are simply leading up to the article, *The Ex-Janitor Who Teaches Doctors*, on page 22, which at first glance may not seem to have much to do with the Legion or with veterans. On second glance we think it does, for it tells the story of a poor lad, cheated of an education, who solved his problem in a way which will always have meaning to others in similar situations.

R.B.P.



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A. Quality is this shirt's first name. Fit is its middle name. Good looks is its last. In fine combed Sanforized white cotton broadcloth, it is a shirt you'll want lots of. Ask for Style D2050.

B. . . . is the same Sanforized white combed cotton broadcloth with the popular new spread collar. Also comes in other collar styles and in sport shirts.

Buy by name - buy...

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3. COMFORT-CUT COLLARS... for movement-free ease, yet snug appearance.
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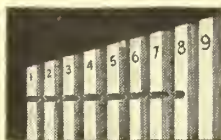
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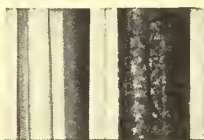
Here's Why Shooters Choose REMINGTON "HI-SPEED" 22's



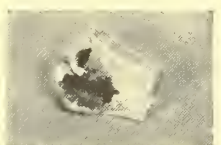
POWER...PLUS PENETRATION



Penetration Power of Remington Hi-Speed long rifle solid-point bullet will drill through seven $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pine boards at 10-yd. range.



"Kleanbore" Priming in 30,000 rounds fired through barrel on left; 30,000 with corrosive priming through the barrel on right.



Shock Power. Look what happens to a cake of laundry soap when blasted by a Remington Hi-Speed 22 hollow-point bullet.



Flat Trajectory of Remington Hi-Speed 22's is extremely important when hunting. "Flat-flying" bullet reaches target faster.

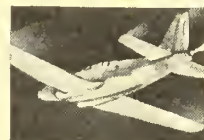


Accuracy at larger ranges is yours with Remington Hi-Speed. Above: Actual laboratory photo of the bullet hitting target bull's-eye.



Smashing Energy. Solid bullet delivers sledgehammer blow equal to 158 ft.-lbs. at the muzzle. Almost 100 ft.-lbs. at 100 yds.

Another Remington 22 ammunition known for fine accuracy, uniform velocity is Remington Standard Velocity. Excellent for plinking, short range hunting, informal target shooting.



Speed of a Remington Hi-Speed 22 long rifle bullet is faster than the fastest jet plane power dive! Faster than sound! Quick getaway.



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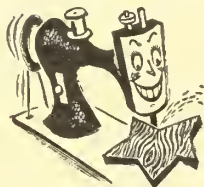
"If It's Remington—It's Right!"

Hi-Speed and Kleanbore are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
by Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.



*Here are the things being developed for better living now,
next month, or a year or more from now.*

SOLUTION FOR A KNOTTY PROBLEM... Over two billion board feet of knotty lumber are produced annually in the western pine regions of the United States. Approximately a third of this is sold as economy grade. While it is cheaper it has the disadvantage of shedding paint since the knots exude pitch and volatile substances that destroy the paint film. Now, however, there's a way of using this economy grade lumber even for exterior siding. Through the use of Bakelite and Vinylite resins in a superior sealer the knotty wood can be used with assurance that it will not require frequent repainting. To use this sealer, it is simply brushed over the unprimed knots and the surrounding area, and the coats of paint are then applied in the usual manner.



SEWING MACHINE HANDICRAFT... For the past decade or so, craftsmen in Allegheny County, Pa., have been turning out unusual examples of wood inlay work with a gadget that is now being marketed generally. The device is a small cutting tool called the Bright Bit which can be used with any sewing machine.

It is merely inserted in place of a needle and you are all set to cut patterns, stencils, letters, auto gaskets, and other small precision jobs. The tool will work with any sewing machine. Further information and a book of cutting designs can be obtained from The Bright Bit, 1315 Broadway, East McKeesport, Pa.



HANDLE OF MANY USES... Before long you'll be seeing, and using, a revolutionary new type of handle called the Lamb Wedge-Lock. Simple in appearance, it employs a principle so unusual that a number of leading manufacturers have obtained licenses to use it on their cooking utensils, tools, luggage, etc. The principle, briefly, consists in taking full advantage of the anatomical structure of the hand so that the hand can exert its full potential power with less energy expended. The principle is evident in the shape of the handle which is molded so that it fits the hand naturally, but the inventor, Thomas Lamb, spent six years in perfecting the proper design. His primary purpose, incidentally, was to develop a crutch handle for wounded veterans, to permit them to get around with the least effort.

WIRE RECORDER PLUS... During the war wire recorders were extensively used by the armed services, and since then they are being used increasingly in civilian pursuits. However, it has taken the Peirce Wire Recorder Corp., of Evanston, Ill., to add a number of new wrinkles to wire recording, in the form of numerous accessories. Among other things you can now record telephone calls by means of an induction pick-up which requires no attachment to the phone. You can operate it no-hands with a foot-controlled switch. You have a choice of microphones, for hand, desk or lapel use. Mixers make it possible to use several mikes to cover large meetings. In short, it's now possible to put on wire anything that's audible.

SOMETHING NEW IN TELEVISION...No longer will it be necessary to jockey furniture into position to watch what happens on a television screen. The Crosley Division of the Avco Manufacturing Corp. has developed a console television set which features a "Swing-a-View" picture tube which swivels over a 60-degree arc. The swinging television section is mounted in the top center part of the console, and when not in use is concealed by panels. This innovation is part of an all-purpose instrument which also provides AM, FM and shortwave radio, and automatic phonograph contained in a slide-out drawer.



WHEN THE MERCURY DROPS DOWN ON THE FARM...

A new water trough de-icer, which Westinghouse is placing on the market, will permit farm animals to be watered even in sub-zero weather. The de-icer is a round disk the size of a pie plate which contains a 500-watt heating element controlled by a small thermostat. It floats on the surface of the water and a cord plugs into any 110/115-volt outlet. Bossie can nose the floating heater without getting burned or frightened since the outer surface never gets hot. Cost of operating the device is said to be less than five cents a day. Current shuts off automatically when heat is not required.

MOTH-CHASING GARMENT HANGER...A garment hanger with a double purpose in life—it is made of hollow tubing for holding moth-proofing ingredients—is the brain-child of Mrs. Hazel Marie Lipsitz, of Chicago. Openings are provided in the tubing wall through which the moth-proofing vapors escape to the garment. The hanger is sloping, T-shaped, and has an attached hook for hanging on a rod. It can be used alone as a coat hanger or may have a straight tubular skirt or trouser bar inserted between and frictionally engaging the two ends so that the tubular passage for moth-proofing ingredients is made continuous. When skirt or trouser support is removed, ends of the tubular passage are closed with fitted plugs.

IF YOU WEAR WOOLENS...Thanks to a new liquid wool-wash called Tern, you can now wear woollens till they wear out, instead of discarding them because they've shrunk. Developed in France just before the war, the product is now being introduced in this country. With it, the manufacturer says, woollens can be washed in tepid water and no rubbing is required. Because of this and since Tern contains no alkalis, there is no shrinkage. The price is 49c for a four-ounce bottle.



FOR BRIGHTER ROLLING SKATING...If you are the kind of person who likes to go roller skating occasionally but who likes to know where your feet are going, you'll be interested in a gadget thought up by Mikaly Galgoczy, of Cleveland, Ohio. It's a detachable device for a roller skate to illuminate the floor while you are

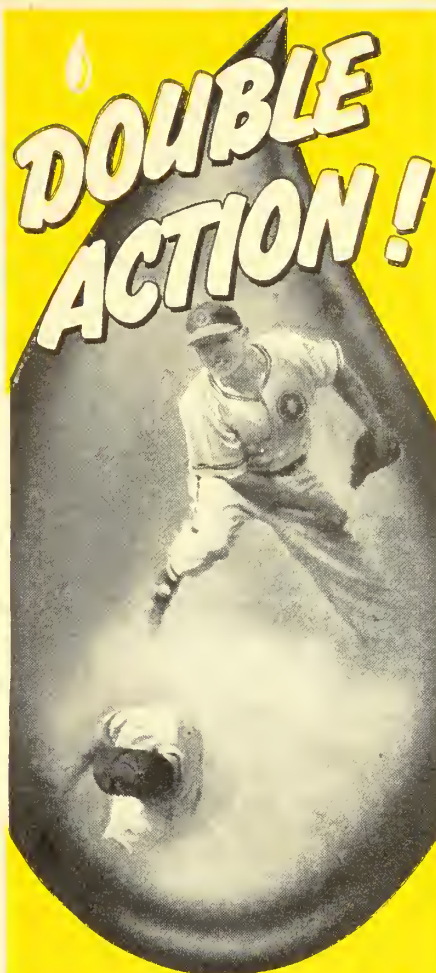
skating about. A U-shaped stirrup with spring clips is attached to the underside of the foot plate of the skate midway between front and rear rollers and supports a flashlight arrangement to throw a light upon the floor. The battery may be replaced without removing attachment from the skate.

CRYSTALS MAY REPLACE RADIO TUBES...Germanium, an element which sits on the chemical borderline between metals and insulators, may some day replace vacuum tubes in radio sets, according to Dr. Dallas T. Hurd, of the General Electric Co. Tiny crystals of germanium, he said, act as rectifiers and this quality made the element extremely important in radar work during the war. With it, radio engineers have a means of making smaller and lighter radios, even like the two-way wrist radio made famous by Dick Tracy.



WHEN MOTORISTS GLARE AT YOU...A simple device which minimizes one of the hazards of night driving is the Saf-T-Aid, Jr., which cuts down the glare of headlights behind you which are reflected in the rear-view mirror. It consists of a plastic shield of high absorbing quality, natural in color, which folds down over the rear-view mirror and can be retracted when not in use. Made by the Edro Corp., New Britain, Conn., it sells for \$1.25 prepaid.

J. C. K.



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Be safe with both *instant, lasting engine protection* from this double-action Pennsylvania motor oil. Change for summer now!



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Tough-film PENNZOIL* gives all engines an extra margin of safety

Action

Somewhere there's a pine clad lake. It's filled with leaping lunkers—and they're plenty hungry. A loon's eerie call echoes across the looking-glass water . . . he's your only competitor. What a set-up for H-I tackle and the guy who likes to fish. If that's you—see your H-I dealer.

HORROCKS IBBOTSON CO., UTICA, N.Y.
Manufacturers of the largest line of fishing tackle in the world.



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FREE—"Fishing for the Millions,"
Old H-I's new book. Write H-I,
Dept. H, Utica, N.Y.

It Still Hurts

. . . Commander O'Neil's article, *It Still Hurts*, in the February issue carried a message so currently needed I ask every Legionnaire to clip it and ask himself, "What am I doing in the Legion's . . . mission?" . . .

MYRON H. BLOCKTY
Kansas City, Missouri

. . . Let's line up behind the Commander and his reminder that *It Still Hurts* . . . Buy our Rehab stamps and make your money help mend men . . . Let's answer the Commander's battle cry with more action . . .

RUSSELL J. TOPHAM
Wichita, Kansas

. . . Commander O'Neil must have been expressing the feelings within his own heart . . . It was one of the most sincere articles I ever read . . . Our organization is great in the land because we have men who feel like our Commander and who give, as he has done . . . it is the same thing which makes America, America.

BRUNO CAMPESE
Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania

. . . Should be read by every American . . . shows clearly our responsibility to these disabled men . . . I was a patient at a VA hospital and saw men with wasted bodies, useless arms and legs and shattered minds, forgotten even by their own families, a "column of statistics" as Jimmy put it . . . The Legion is doing its share, what do the rest of the 140 million Americans do about it? . . . The article should be . . . in every newspaper, every theatre, every broadcast until it "begins to hurt" others . . .

ISRAEL W. LEVINE
Brooklyn, New York

Who Discovered Johnson?

The March article on Tony Baker, \$50,000 for a Nine-year-old Pitcher, was exceedingly interesting . . . but the incidental statement that Clark Griffith discovered the great Walter Johnson is incorrect . . . In 1907 Griffith was a player in New York when Joe Cantillon, then managing the Washington club, sent Cliff Blankenship to Idaho to bring back Walter Johnson if he thought the Big Train was all he was touted to be . . .

JOHN D. RHODES
Official Reporter of Debates
United States Senate

No Error, But More Info

. . . Error . . . In March Sound Off (you said) a certified copy of discharge is not acceptable for the purpose of getting a GI loan . . . It is . . .

CHARLES THALMAN
Wheeling, West Virginia

This needs more clarification. A certified copy of a discharge will not be accepted for guaranty of a GI loan. Reader Thalman raises a good point. He must be referring to a "certificate of service" or a "certificate in lieu of discharge" which the Navy or Army will issue to take place of a lost discharge upon proper application and evidence. One of these will serve all purposes of an original discharge, including guaranty of a GI loan. However, a certified copy of a discharge which is or was in possession of the veteran will not be accepted for GI loan purposes. The substitute certificates, issued by the services, are not the same as certified copies. — EDITORS

Sound Off!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: *Sound Off*, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

More On Housing

. . . I'm a vet of War One (total disability) and a long-time Legionnaire . . . When I read recent matter in the magazine about housing I realized for the first time that I can do something more than sympathize with my buddies . . . that the time to start on the housing mess is now and the place is my own community . . .

LEON WALLACE
Sieper, Louisiana

. . . Hayward Cleveland's *What Can You Do About Housing* (February) hit the spot . . . I'm single and don't need my own home, but articles like Cleveland's have pointed out to me that by turning my head I'm not just being indifferent but acting as an encumbrance . . . Keep telling deadwood like me to get our feet on the ground and give the guy who gave his legs for his country a place to keep the rest of himself.

LESTER M. SNYDER
Bronx, New York

. . . *How I Built My Own Home* (February) hit me . . . You see my husband really built us a home all by himself . . . No contractors, help only from family members . . . not worth as much as Mr. White's but worth twice the actual cost . . . He not only did the cement work, electrical installation and plumbing but bought a book on masonry, did the plastering and laid the cinder tile with no previous experience . . . and so another vet licked his housing shortage in his spare time . . . He had to keep up with his job along with his building . . .

MRS. CLIFFORD GUTHRIE
Stratford, Texas

Do The Movies Help America?

. . . Your movie department, by R. Wilson Brown, is unique and outstanding . . . For the first time since the Washington movie-quiz-program someone (Brown) pointed out just exactly how Hollywood has been injuring America, in his *Do The Movies Sell America Short?* (February) . . . In answer to the bland and innocent protest that Hollywood has never put out a pro-commie movie Brown really pinned it on everybody in Hollywood, commies and otherwise . . . smearing our way of life . . . glorifying foul characters in our children's eyes . . . mainly ignoring the fine American themes which have always paid off well as movies in the few instances they have been used . . . appealing to the instincts which are inhibited by our moral code . . . Bravo for Brown!

R. W. SMITH
Chicago, Illinois

. . . Let's keep this up as a Legion crusade . . . the movies do sell America short . . .

The movies work the life of the same gangster over hundreds of times, but do two, one or none on such real Americans as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Webster, Lincoln, the Mayo brothers, Sousa, Pershing and countless others... It's news when they do such fine novels as those by Willa Cather, Bess Streeter Aldrich, A. J. Cronin, Lloyd C. Douglas, and when they do they don't stick to the book...

MARY ABLARD
Enid, Oklahoma

Do the movies sell America short? My answer is YES... Many a movie has made

\$100 Prize Winner

Before entering the Navy I was living in a Government Housing project, a four-room apartment for \$37 a month. But now something has happened to my apartment.

While I was in the Navy my wife went with another fellow. Although we had two children my wife had a child by him while I was overseas. After getting discharged I got a divorce on grounds of adultery. My wife was granted our children, for whose support I was to pay \$15 a week. There was nothing for me to do but find a room somewhere.

I met a sweet girl and we were married last October. After my divorce my first wife married her Romeo, living in the same apartment with my furniture. I finally found a third story apartment in an old house, with three rooms and a small amount of furniture. I guess I shouldn't complain, but I'm paying over \$60 a month for it. My ex-wife and her husband are living in the same apartment I once had and paying less than \$30 for it, so that my \$15 a week for the children pays more than twice their rent.

Is this Americanism? Is this what the GIs fought for? Is this public housing? My marital troubles are history now—but the fellow who got my wife while I was ducking shells has my apartment too. I agree with the Legion that the weakness in public housing at this time is that it isn't veterans housing. You don't know who is going to occupy a Federal public housing venture and you can have public housing while the vets still go in debt for the inflated dwellings. I hope you keep on busting the claims of public housers that their ventures will automatically take care of the veterans' housing problems. It doesn't always work that way.

(name withheld)
LEGIONNAIRE, ILLINOIS

The American Legion Magazine will continue to pay \$100 each month for the most interesting letter submitted for use in Sound Off. No more than 300 words. Simply address your letter to Sound Off Editor, The American Legion Magazine, 1 Park Avenue, New York 16, New York. Letters cannot be acknowledged.

me say, "No wonder our prestige as a nation is on the decline... and we are called a 'decadent democracy'."... I like to believe my husband died in War Two for the best country under the sun, and it makes me disgusted when we play into the hands of the Soviet and their mud-slinging propaganda machine...

THEOLA O. WEAVER
Cambridge, Minnesota

Veteran Slays Tot

... Why, when a veteran commits a crime, do the newspapers always label him as a vet or an ex-GI? Millions of us served in both wars, and by this newspaper trick we must all share the onus of the few misfits.

GLADYS EARLING
Manlius, New York

... At least fourteen million of us vets have never killed our mothers or held up a bank... The Press shows their appreciation of how we acted as a team in time of national danger by identifying to the public only those members of the team who go wrong... It's a sorry way to sell newspapers...

JOSEPH MEHMERT
Cincinnati, Ohio

Get Out The Vote

... Let's let our National Americanism Commission start now on a campaign to "get out the vote" for next November... Strong un-American forces can take over our country simply by voting while we do not... You can be sure they will vote, but will you? No matter which side of the political fence our Legionnaires are on, even if many of their votes cancel each other, the final results will be a majority decision only if the majority votes... The only way a minority can take over this country is by catching the majority while it is asleep.

HAYWARD CLEVELAND
Port Washington, New York

... This election year the Americanism Division and the entire Legion could do no greater work than to make every last man and woman understand that the right to vote is also a responsibility... Not only will a "Get Out the Vote" campaign preserve the rights of the majority, but also, only by having a true representation of the population in our Congress will decisions of our government carry weight in international problems...

HENNING KNUDSEN
Grayling, Michigan

... This election year the Legion should sponsor a "Get Out the Vote" campaign... A lot of guys who would be first to say what they think about things today cannot register from the white crosses around the world... We who survived fought for our country, let's vote for it now...

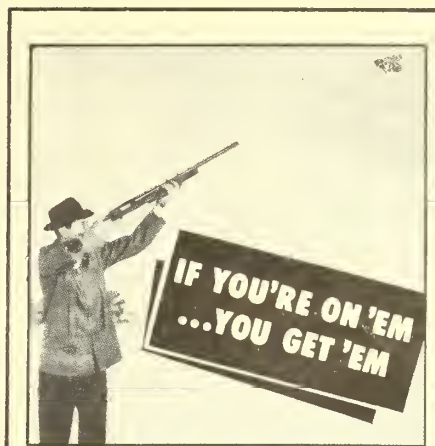
ODELL WELLMAN
Huntington, West Virginia

News On Farm Placement

How many fellow-Legionnaires are advising Edmond N. Carples of Rocky Hill, N. J. (Sound Off, February) that since January 1st USES is again handling the farm placement program?

ALVIN SNYDER
Allentown, Pa.

Sixteen. EDITORS



With these new Xpert Super Trap and Super Skeet Loads you, at last, have shells that measure up to your gun-pointing ability.

No "wild" pellets. Shot charge controlled—all the way out. As a trap shooter you get dense target-breaking patterns—even at handicap distances. If you shoot skeet, you'll like the way these new Xperts "bust 'em" at every station.

YOU GET 8 ADVANTAGES

The NEW Super-Seal Cup Wad seals powder gases back of shot like a piston. No "leading". No "melted or deformed" pellets.

The NEW Super-Seal Cup Wad scrubs and lubricates bore of gun.

The NEW MINIMAX Ball Powder—stable and clean-burning gives MAXimum power and MINimum recoil.

The NEW fully stabilized non-corrosive primer, matched to MINIMAX Ball Powder, gives lightning-fast, uniform ignition. This insures better timing—thus better scores.

The NEW Super-Seal Base Wad helps produce perfect combustion—prevents sticking of fired shells.

The NEW Super-Seal Crimp prevents "blown" patterns.

NEW fast, powerful Trap and Skeet Loads—with soft recoil.

NEW uniformity—shot after shot. No spotty shot patterns.

FREE! A folder, with photographs describing all 8 advantages. Ask Dept. 101-A.

Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Ill.
Division of Olin Industries, Inc.



12 gauge Trap; 12, 16 and 20 gauge Skeet Loads—with MINIMAX Ball Powder; also available with other standard powders.

Western
WORLD CHAMPION AMMUNITION





What Makes a Good Provider?

All men want to provide their wives and children with the necessities of life at all times . . . and the luxuries when possible. But the truly good provider tries to protect his family even into the unknown future.

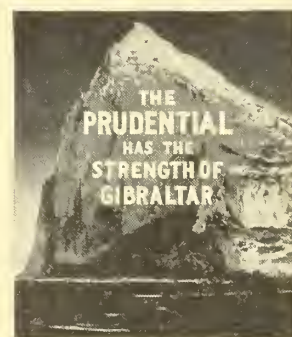
There is no sounder way to take care of your family's financial future than through Prudential life insurance. Just call up your Prudential representative and ask him how it can be done. He will recommend a plan to give you exactly the protection you ought to have, fitted to your own special family needs. This

plan can include a regular income for your family, funds for your children's education, money for emergencies, and for your retirement years as well.

Yes, a Prudential life insurance program fills a definite place in the plans of the family man and good provider. Are *your* plans for this kind of protection complete?

★

Enjoy the Prudential Family Hour, with Risë Stevens—Sunday afternoons, CBS. And the Jack Berch Show—Every morning, Mondays through Fridays, NBC.



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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

Battling Rio Grande Dope Smugglers

U. S. Treasury agents fight with brains and bullets to halt the flow of drugs from Mexico's hidden marihuana and poppy fields

By ALLEN GOULD and EMILE C. SCHURMACHER



THE AMERICAN
Legion
MAGAZINE

Sgt. Peters, U. S. Customs Patrol, picks up latest tips on smugglers via his walkie-talkie at Command Post in Texas mesquite

THE BARREL OF a rifle glinted briefly in the moonlight as it was poked through the mesquite beside the sluggish Rio Grande. There were four shots fired in quick succession and U. S. Customs Inspector Clarence J. Trask toppled from his saddle.

As his body hit the ground three men emerged from an ambush on the Mexican side of the river. With their hands resting on open-holstered, bone-handled automatics, two of the trio watched vigilantly for a movement in their victim. Then the leader slowly put down his rifle.

"*Muerte como un perro*—dead as a dog," he muttered coldly. "*Vamos!*"

It wasn't until the following morning that officers of the U. S. Customs Patrol found Trask's body. Footprints in the mud and the marks left by the keel of a boat told their own grim story. Once

again a desperate gang of dope smugglers had gone into operation. An over-the-border mob was at work, stopping at nothing in its attempt to transport thousands of dollars worth of Mexican-grown opium into the illicit American market where underworld traffickers were waiting, bankrolls in hand.

Today hell is popping on the Rio Grande. A single tin of opium smuggled across the border may bring as much as \$550 or \$600. A runner accompanied by a couple of trigger-happy mobsters may carry as many as 150 tins in a gunny sack.

This adds up to a considerable stack of folding money with American dope traffickers literally cutting one another's throats to buy narcotics. They'd be getting a lot more of it were it not for one major obstacle—the guardians of the Rio Grande.

Along hundreds of miles of desolate stretches, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, a small but courageous army of U. S. Customs agents and Customs Patrol Officers, branches of the U. S. Treasury Department, are waging a relentless war to stem the tide of dope on our Southern border. They work in close cooperation with the Bureau of Narcotics, another Treasury agency which primarily is concerned with the internal traffic in dope.

It isn't the kind of warfare that makes newspaper headlines. The thousands of lighthearted tourists passing through our border towns and cities en route to a visit in Mexico are unaware of its existence. As a matter of fact, except for the men involved and some of the officials of the American and Mexican Governments the extent of this international dope smuggling is not recognized.

...the battle at the
did not... were driven into
roadblocks Yazur and the village was sur-
rounded.

Marihuana Taken From Houston Men

Two Houston men, age about 35 or 40, were apprehended today at 8 a.m. and 35 pounds of marihuana seized by Customs Patrol inspectors, according to Customs Agents.

The arrests were made out on the highway not far from Laredo. The men are scheduled to be arraigned this afternoon before U. S. Commissioner Frank Y. Hill.

Major name, Senat Lieut against full the the M his ho

1. Pictures tell the story behind this news item. Agents had an inside tip

Almost nightly from Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, just across the bridge from our tourist-booming city of Laredo, smugglers try to run marihuana into the United States. Because of the alertness of grizzled Joseph E. Davenport, captain of Company B., U. S. Customs Patrol, and his men, it is seldom that they get very far.

Captain Davenport, despite his soft Texan drawl, is six feet four inches of toughness when it comes to dealing with dope smugglers. That toughness has grown over a period of several years during which he has acquired several bullet wounds in shooting it out with smugglers. He works in plain clothes, as do Sergeant George H. Peters and the other officers.

If there is anything distinctive in their appearance it is the fact that they generally seem to need a shave and to look a bit tired about the eyes. This is because from the time they receive a tip from a coyote—an informer—on the other side of the border, or through other means learn that an attempt will be made to smuggle in dope, they may not sleep for days.

"In smuggling marihuana across the border concealed in a car, a shrewd smuggler may make several dry runs to see if he is being followed," explains Captain Davenport. "He may drive his car into the United States and take the road towards San Antonio for 40 or 50 miles, then double back to Laredo."

That road, U. S. 81, is Marihuana Highway. It is long—154 miles—it is lonely, and it is straight. In 40 or 50 miles a smuggler usually thinks he can tell if he is being followed by Treasury agents. Dope carriers have been known to have made as many as 15 dry runs



2. One smuggler crossed Rio Grande without knowing he was watched. Arrest was postponed as U.S. agents followed him



3. Crawling up a culvert the smuggler passed sack of marihuana to accomplice waiting with car. He was then detained



6. Sergeant Peters and Officer Smith meanwhile retrieved the marihuana sack as evidence, prisoners went to Customs HQ

under the illusion that they weren't being tailed. On the 16th trip, with a sack of marihuana actually in their car the illusion was suddenly dispelled when they were stopped by the Treasury agents and caught red handed.

"Take a look at what we picked up last night," says Captain Davenport opening a sack of what appeared to be dry weeds. "This is a 27½ pound sack of marihuana, 198,500 grains of it. If it got into the underworld market it would be made into reefers, eight grains to the cigarette. An addict pays a dollar for a reefer. There's \$24,750 worth in that little sack."

The men allegedly responsible for smuggling that marihuana both had records. One, Francisco Segura was on parole from El Paso County jail where he had been serving a 60 year sentence for murder. The other, Albert Jackson Farris, had twice served prison terms

in Houston for automobile thefts.

Curiously enough when questioned immediately after his arrest by John J. Givens, the vigilant Treasury Agent in Charge, Farris had no money at all in his pocket. Only a few street car tokens. Segura had \$31. The little fellows who take the risks don't make the big money.

Marihuana seizures such as this, amounting to millions of dollars worth annually, are made by Captain Davenport and his men as often as two or three times a week, in the Laredo area alone. In 95 per cent of the arrests Givens, who looks into the investigative phase of smuggling and prepares the cases, makes them stick, resulting in severe prison sentences. Like other Treasury officers on the border, Givens is hard hitting and relentless in warring on dope smugglers.

Laredo is the principal port of entry



4. Other agents chased car. As they closed in the driver made vain attempt to discard the incriminating dope sack



5. Customs men blocked road, covering crime car with weapons. It is at this stage that shooting often begins. In Battle of Woodbine Creek officers' car was riddled with bullets. These men did not offer any gunplay



7. Questioned at Laredo, Albert Farris, right, proved to have served two terms in Houston for automobile thievery



8. His companion, Francisco Segura, on parole from 60-year murder rap, exhibits identifying knife-scar to Capt. Davenport



Morphine cache in gas tank did no good for accomplice of La Nacha (below). His supposed customer was a Customs agent

for marihuana, but the rest of the long border is the territory in which opium smugglers operate.

Contrary to general belief—and lurid fiction—most prepared opium smuggled into the United States does not come from the Orient or the Near East. For several years, in remote and almost inaccessible areas of the Mexican States of Sonora, Sinaloa, Durango, Chihuahua and Baja California, Mexican gangsters and narcotics racketeers have been raising vast crops of opium poppies.

The Mexican and American Governments have been cooperating in ferretting out and destroying these illicit crops before they could be harvested, processed into smoking opium or derivatives such as morphine or heroin and smuggled across the border.

Despite the vigilance of authorities, however, from year to year new crops

of opium poppies are grown undetected and new gangs of smugglers appear.

Our first line of defense against this menace are the Customs agents and customs patrol officers. Patrolling the long border are some 35 Customs agents and 125 patrolmen. Many of these officers originally were rangers or cowboys. They are highly mobile and travel by automobile or on horseback.

Along many stretches of the rough border country which is inaccessible to the automobile horses are indispensable. And so is the six-gun. All Customs patrolmen are crack shots. They have to be to survive.

As for the daring narcotics agents, they usually are men "without names or faces" working under cover, frequently at the risk of their lives.

They are masters of disguise. It isn't the false-whisker kind. It's the dangerous ability to (Continued on page 34)



La Nacha, queen of morphine on the border, unwittingly did business with Customs men, lost her opium fields and her whole gang



At Your Service in Washington

By JAMES F. O'NEIL

National Commander, The American Legion

Legislative Director Jack Taylor takes up Legion bills with Mrs. Edith Rogers, Chairman, House Veterans Affairs Committee. Below, Assistant National Adjutant Leonce Legendre, left, and Rehab Director T. O. Kraabel flank Taylor in Capitol huddle

THE FIRST NATIONAL Convention of The American Legion in 1919 refused to locate the national headquarters at Washington, D.C., for fear the new Legion might fall under the influence of politicians.

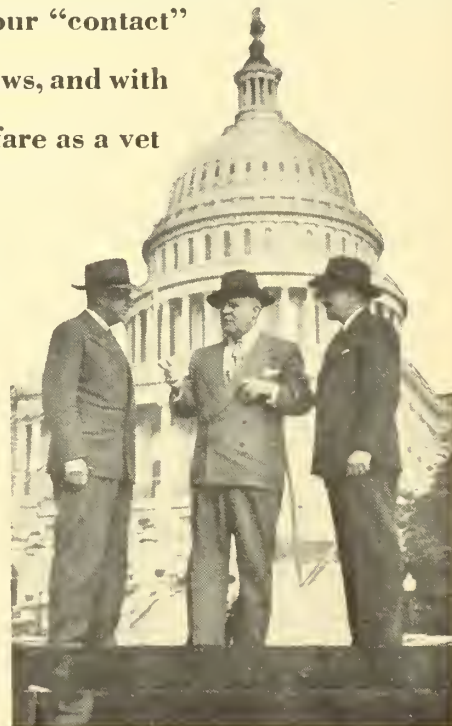
During the ensuing 29 years the Legion has done so many things in Washington that some timid souls think the politicians have fallen under the influence of the Legion.

The national headquarters was established and remains at Indianapolis. From 1919 onward various activities have taken Legion committees and Legion officials to Washington. At first they worked out of their briefcases and their hotel bedrooms were their office. Today the Legion owns a centrally located building in the capital city and conducts a branch of its national headquarters office there. In this article I shall try to give the now enormous membership a picture of the work carried on there, in what we call, for simplicity, just the Washington Office.

It became evident almost from the

**How the Legion acts as your "contact"
with the people who make the laws, and with
those responsible for your welfare as a vet**

start of the Legion that some permanent base of operations was needed in Washington. The legislative business had to be done where the Congress and the President work. The care of the disabled needed daily contact with the Veterans Administration and its predecessor offices. The national defense was planned and directed from Washington and veterans' interest therein could take effective form only by contacts at the source. As time went on other problems centered in government activity, wholly or in part. Employment, housing, civil service, and un-American activities are examples of questions with which the Legion and branches of the Federal Government are much concerned.



Policy making in the Legion is done by the National Conventions, and directed between conventions through the National Executive Committee which meets in the headquarters building at Indianapolis. The Washington Office is not a policy making establishment, but a part of executive service established to make the policies effective. This executive power is vested in the National Commander, who is chairman of the N.E.C., and its continuity of direction year by year is under the National Adjutant, who is also secretary of the N.E.C. The Washington office is therefore under the administrative direction of an Assistant National Adjutant. There are 77 people, 38 women and 39 men, working for the Legion in that office, and this staff of a few executives and a corps of secretaries, stenographers, clerks, mail and stock room workers performs a widely varied set of duties in the service of the Legion. Before describing the nature of these services let me summarize the administrative set-up.

The National Executive Committee in the past year has streamlined its subordinate operations into eleven National Commissions, four of these with their main office in Washington, while the administration direction comes under a fifth. Here is the list, with the name of the Director in charge. Fill in the word "national" before and "commission" after each of you want the full title.

LEGISLATIVE —

John Thomas Taylor, Director. 8 people.

REHABILITATION —

T. O. Kraabel, Director. 30 people.

ECONOMIC —

Elbert H. Burns, Director. 6 people.

FOREIGN RELATIONS —

Leonce R. Legendre, Director.

ADMINISTRATION —

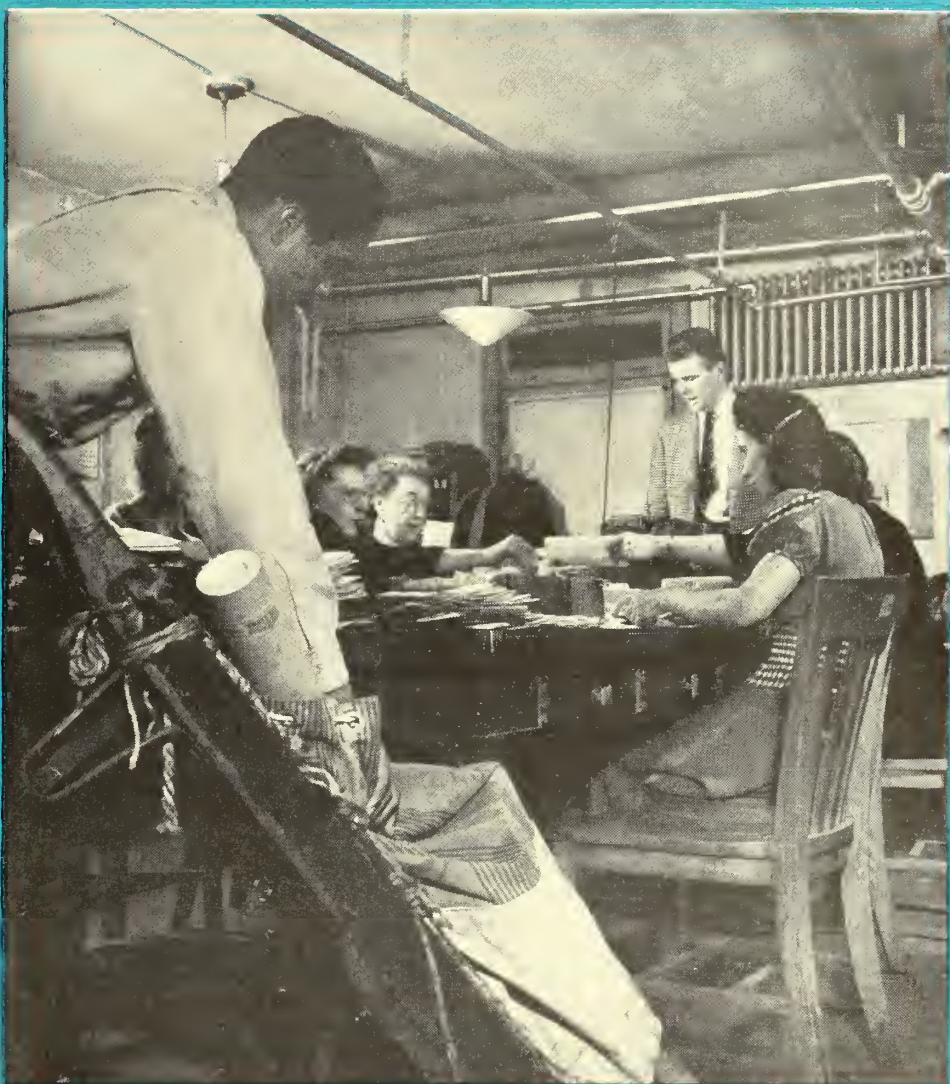
Leonce R. Legendre, Assistant National Adjutant. 28 people.

The remaining people in the Washington office are four in a branch of the Public Relations Commission and two in the un-American activities branch of the Americanism Commission. The many services performed in Washington for the other national commissions are carried out by the Administrative staff.

The building of the Washington office is a former residence, a mansion in its day, at 1608 K Street northwest, three blocks from the White House, two blocks from the Veterans Administration, and close to the big hotels and business section of the capital city. The Legion, after years of renting office space, bought the four-story and basement house in 1934 for \$125,000. It is worth much more today. Inside remodeling has (Continued on page 46)



Assistant National Adjutant Leonce Legendre gets the word from President Truman's military Aide, Major General Harry Vaughn



Letters swamp 1608 K St. daily. Rehab mail is especially heavy, involving the handling of some 20,000 appealed cases a year

Movie-Conscious Kremlinities

Some views of our screen as seen through
red-colored glasses...With a selected
program of short features
including a mystery, "Who
Took a Pot-shot at the
14 Legionnaires"



Vet-of-the-Month Michael North, set for stardom

By R. WILSON BROWN

THE MOSCOW RADIO recently commented, again, on American movies. The commies, it seems, don't like 'em. "Hollywood" it is reported, "is now feverishly working on the production of anti-Soviet films designed to slander the Soviet Union. . . . Those who refuse to work on the production of imperialist films are subjected in the United States to pressure and baiting. The representatives of American reactionary Bohemians, Adolphe Menjou and Gary Cooper, who many times slandered the progressives of the American intelligentsia, demanded the death sentence for Charlie Chaplin and other famous American actors—Katherine Hepburn, Henry Fonda and Edward G. Robinson—for their progressive views."

Curiously, at the exact time this statement went over the air, Menjou and Hepburn were working harmoniously together at M-G-M on *State of the Union*.

The Soviet may have been concerned about 20th Century-Fox's *The Iron Curtain*, scheduled for release soon. Certainly this film is bothering certain groups in this country which are highly sensitive to whatever might offend the people who run Russia. One of these, the National Council of Soviet-American Friendship, has asked that 20th Century-Fox withhold distribution of the film. The Rev. William Howard Melish, national chairman of the Council, said the picture "slanders the Russian people and defiles the memories of the heroic defenders of Stalingrad."

Mr. Melish, it will be recalled, made a quick trip to Yugoslavia a few months ago to study the status of religious freedom in Comrade Tito's baili-



Soviet-firsters are irked at *The Iron Curtain*, soon to be seen. Appearing in it are Dana Andrews and Eduard Franz

wick. On his return the reverend gentleman reported that everything was hunky-dory behind that segment of the iron curtain. No one had cause for complaint, he said. At least, Rev. Melish didn't complain. With films critical of the Soviet—well, that's different.

* * *

While no one in this country is thinking about the death sentence for any so-called Soviet friends, despite the Moscow radio report, the opposite may be true. Anyhow,

I was one of fourteen Legionnaires representing as many Posts attending a session of a five-weeks' school on "Communism—What it is, how it operates, how to stop it." The meeting was being held in Hollywood Post's library. Dr. John R. Lechner, eminent anti-Red, was lecturing. Suddenly there was a shot. We ducked as glass sprayed across the room. The bullet had ripped through one of the leaded window panes, but, fortunately, no one was hurt and the meeting continued.

* * *

Men who served on the Victory ship, *S.S. Henry Grady*, will be interested to know what has happened to at least a part of their old ship. Her boiler and five miles of her pipe were purchased by U-I in a war surplus sale for the purpose of steam-heating Pollard Lake, an artificial lake on the studio lot, for scenes for *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*, the William Powell-Ann Blyth picture. Ann, as the mermaid, does a lot of swimming, and health requirements demanded warm water.

* * *

Over 100 stars and members of the town's French colony turned out to witness the presentation to Robert Montgomery of the French Legion of Honor in ceremonies at the French Research

(Continued on page 38)



They don't come any better than big-hearted Bob Hope

*L.S./M.F.T.
Lucky Strike means Fine Tobacco*



Lucky Strike *presents* **The Man Who Knows —**
The Tobacco Buyer

"I'VE BOUGHT well over ten million pounds of tobacco...so I speak with some authority when I say that season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real fine tobacco — that ripe, light tobacco that makes a swell smoke."

F. S. King

F. S. King, independent tobacco buyer of Lexington, Kentucky, has been a Lucky Strike smoker for 19 years



COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw



A COMB AND A FOB MADE A HIT..

..and 4,000 things happened in 60 swift years

• Love of trinkets was all that kept a struggling little business alive its first two years. Its first customer was a maker of novelties, such as combs and watch fobs, which people liked because they were new and different. Made of aluminum!

That was just before the gay nineties. It took years—and a chin that was set with a purpose—to get anyone else to make anything from aluminum instead of steel or copper or wood.

They did it, that little company which today is Alcoa, by sticking grimly at two tasks. Making aluminum cheaper. Making aluminum more useful.

It sold for \$8 a pound just before Alcoa began in 1888.

Through the years we found ways to make aluminum pig for the present all-time low, 14 cents a pound. *That* has made more uses *economical*.

Aluminum was relatively soft and weak 60 years ago. Alcoa found ways to make it hard and as strong as structural steel. *That* has made more uses *practical*.

So, in 60 swift years and in tough competition with old favorite materials, aluminum's uses have increased to 4,000. A novelty has become a necessity around which a new American industry has grown, the aluminum industry of which Alcoa is but a part.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 614 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

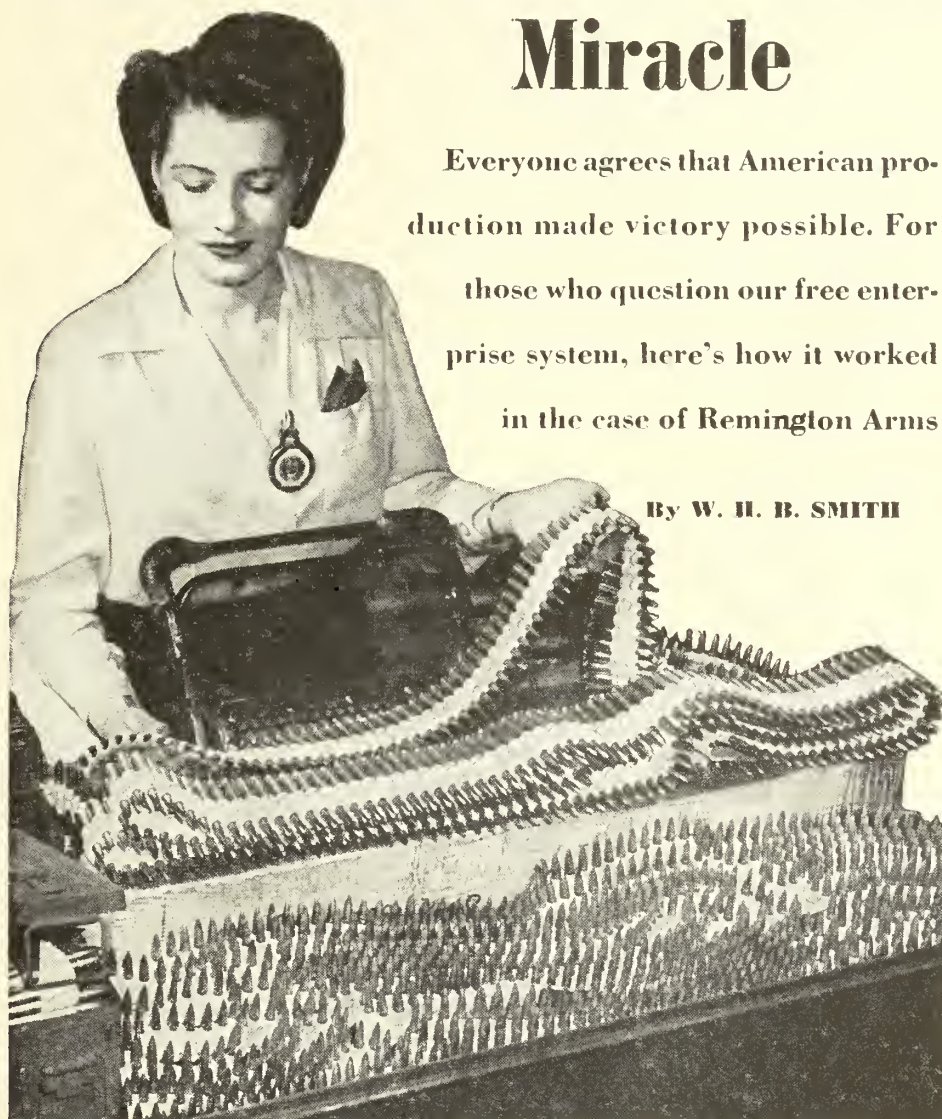
ALCOA FIRST IN ALUMINUM



Explaining a Production Miracle

Everyone agrees that American production made victory possible. For those who question our free enterprise system, here's how it worked in the case of Remington Arms

By W. H. B. SMITH



You may have used some of this machine gun ammo, mass produced by Remington

NOT LONG AGO I heard a surprising statement from an editor of a national magazine. Discussing firearms, he said that as a rule his publication wouldn't publish anything on this subject!

"The fact that the manufacturers spend money on safety campaigns is evidence that arms are dangerous," he said. "Besides, too many of our readers remember the old, 'Merchants of Death' and their profits."

Outside of pointing out that 10,000,000 Americans received belated arms training for War II, that every major Nation except our own has compulsory training, and that last year about one man in four in this country bought a hunting license, I didn't feel it was worth while to argue the matter.

The outstanding world authorities couldn't change that set anti-weapons mentality when failure to lift our arms embargo actually precipitated war, as former Secretary of State Cordell Hull points out in his current autobiography. What chance did I have?

Soon after that another national magazine, this one in the business field, carried an article on the arms industry marred by serious errors of fact. It hinted that arms companies' profits were many times greater than any elementary check proves them to be. Propaganda or just bad reporting? I don't know. After all, if the arms makers didn't take it up and fight their own battles, why should I do it for them? They make the money and they should take the headaches.



Quite recently still another national editor told me he thought the subject of arms almost taboo for him. Somewhere he had heard that one company alone "made over \$900-million dollars during War II." Outside of assuring him he had been misinformed, I didn't bother to crusade. If I convinced him it still wouldn't mean anything, because by himself he couldn't decide the policy of his publication.

However, I did begin to study these magazines. All are very outspoken in criticizing Russia. (Since even the U. S. Office of Education in its official magazine *School Life* claims Russia is using its school system to indoctrinate children against us, these other magazines are in good company here.) While criticizing is their prerogative, and their criticisms seem generally sound, it is hard to couple this editorial needling with even tacit opposition to arms and an arms industry. If you thumb your nose at a bully, it's a good idea to be ready to protect yourself if he swings at you.

I have no brief for any individual arms maker. As a practical American, however, I know that without the "know-how" of American munitions makers many of these learned, well-meaning editors might by now have been ending all their editorials, "Heil Hitler!" And today we have another menace to think about.

Since the screwy \$900-million dollar "profit" story was directed at the Remington Arms Company, Inc., I dug into the war background of that company in relation to war industry. The figure of 900-million dollars was correct, but that was their war production total, not a profit.

Before the War our armed forces were starved by "economy" Congresses, aided and abetted by the same well-meaning but stupid pacifist theorists who are now back at the old stand. The American arms industry was kept alive only by sporting and police requirements. The small military development group at Frankford Arsenal, plus a scant 360 workers at Remington accounted for nearly all our military ammunition when war broke out!

The Government turned to Remington to start from scratch and to build and operate a string of plants strategically placed across the country. In 1940 Remington was producing 346,035 military cartridges per day. In 1943 they hit a peak (*Continued on page 41*)

Fastest Growing Hobby

Model planes are more than toys. They are helping to make the future air age, with an assist from The American Legion

By WILL OURSLER

STANDING NEAR ME at the model plane club meeting was a freckle-faced boy, holding in his hands a flashy grey model of a Navy torpedo-bomber. He had built it himself and he held it with cocky pride.

Other "model addicts" at the get-together were in heated discussion about the possible speed this tiny craft with its miniature engine might attain in flight. They sounded like a crowd of pilots in a "hangar session" at some airport.

The boy looked up with a grin. "When you write your story about this stuff, mister," he said, "there's one wrinkle you ought to set straight. People think model planes are toys. But they aren't toys. They're part of aviation. Part of the way of building air power."

Only a few days before, I'd read a report of the President's special commission on air power—a report calling for 20,000 planes by 1952, for expanded research and training of flyers and technicians to meet the challenges of our Atomic Age.

I hadn't given much thought to the role of these Lilliputian aircraft in this program. To me, as to millions of other Americans, model planes were playthings. Gadgets with wings, for the kids to smash up.

But the freckle-faced kid had it right. That model torpedo-bomber was capa-

ble of doing perhaps a hundred miles an hour in the air. It wasn't any toy. It was the start of his training in aviation.

The more I delved, as a reporter, into the story of these "mighty midgets of the sky," the more I understood what the boy meant, the front-line role the miniature planes can play—as they have already played—in building and holding America's supremacy in the aviation world.

Today in our country there are more than 3,000,000 model plane "addicts" of all ages, from eight to eighty. Hundreds of model plane clubs are mushrooming up in every community. On model building supplies alone, fans

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ERNIE C. PETRY

of this "fastest growing postwar hobby" spend over \$150,000,000 a year.

Yet the public generally, especially that part which shies from things mechanical, still has only a vague notion of the meaning of this "backyard proving ground" to full-size aviation, or the importance of the hobby as a modern-day recreation for youth, a new "weapon" in the battle on juvenile delinquency.

Classic example of how the "flying crates" serve aviation is a yarn they tell about Walter and Bill Good. Both model aircraft fans, these brothers, back in the early 1930's, started exploring a "fantastic" new idea—that planes could be flown entirely by radio controls on the ground.

Radio flying in those days was still a Buck Rogers pipe dream. But after long experiments these two brothers proved the pipe dream's practicality—with a home-made model plane, directed in flight by "impulses" sent out from a radio transmitter.

Later—when war clouds were starting to gather—an Army General happened to attend one model plane meet where the boys were putting their craft through its paces, making it take off, stunt, turn to left and right and land, all on radio control.

The General promptly sought out one of the meet officials and plied him with questions about the two brothers. Harassed with details of the various events, the official finally exclaimed, "Look, if you're so interested, why not talk to them direct? They're right over by that shed."

Half an hour later, the Good brothers rushed up to the official. "What the devil did you tell that General?" they demanded. "Know what? We've been drafted!"

Actually, they'd been "requisitioned" by the Army for further researches into radio flying. Those researches, built around the boys' original experiments with model planes, played a major part in making radio-control flying another commonplace miracle of the skies.

Many other "miracles" of both military and civilian aviation similarly have come out of the "backyard experiments" of model aircraft builders.

There is the story of the youth who

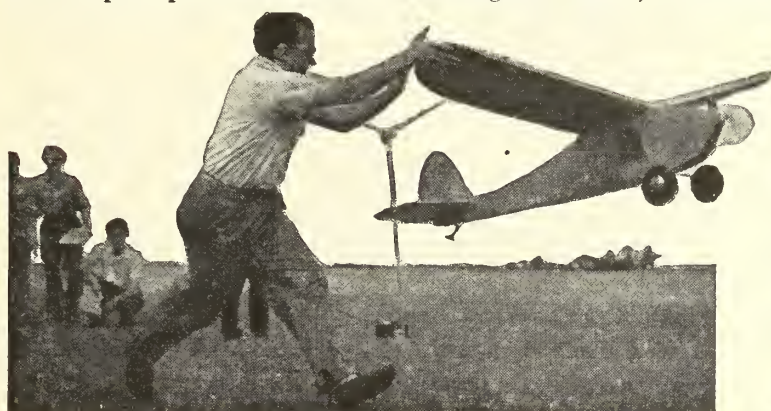




Frank L. Cummings, Jr., top winner in the Legion's 1947 national model airplane meet at Minneapolis, flew his prize plane to his home at Los Angeles



Members of a Cleveland, Ohio, model club set themselves for an afternoon of flying. At the Legion's 1947 national competition at Minneapolis and Monticello, Minn., more than 2,000 entries and 15 new world records were established



Walter Good, (above) and his brother, Bill, tinkered with the idea of radio control. War-time use of the idea was the result



Researches built on experiments with model planes played a part in making radio control flying possible

Model plane builders, put on the job by Air Force leaders, got the answer to correcting horizontal spins

The "mighty midgets" also played a part in developing the P-38 and other models that turned tide of WW2

designed a new kind of wing section for his "flying crate." The originality of the design created wide interest and was brought to the attention of top leaders in our armed forces.

Those top leaders eventually accepted that design. This was the wing design used for our B-24 bombers and also for the P-51 fighters which so often gave protecting cover to the Liberators as they set out for pulverizing missions over Germany and Japan.

Builders of the "mighty midgets" also played a part in developing the P-38 fighters and other planes of the strategic and tactical air fleets which crushed the Axis enemy.

Civilian aviation likewise owes its debt to these model flying fans, and civil aviation firms are lending every possible support to the hobby. One airlines official recently called model plane enthusiasts "the grass roots of American flying."

A short time ago an amateur out West built a model helicopter employing radical innovations in standard helicopter design. Aviation people who saw the model declared the design

could revolutionize the helicopter industry.

The young man decided to act on their advice. Today he heads a sprawling industrial concern turning out a new type of helicopter, built around the innovations he evolved as an amateur "flying crate" enthusiast.

Model building is as old as aviation itself. Flying models, using twisted rubber bands for motive power, were built as early as 1903, shortly after the Wright brothers' first flight at Kitty Hawk.

From earliest days the importance of the "pint-sized aircraft" to the new science of aviation was apparent. Model builders of those pioneer days became the flying heroes who later spanned the oceans and carried aviation to new horizons.

Lists of early model fans include such names as Glenn Curtiss, Clarence Chamberlin, Richard Byrd, William B. Stout and many others. Stout, founder of one of the first model plane clubs in 1910, was the man who designed the Ford tri-motor plane. Still a model fan, he is now one of the top design engi-

neers for the Kaiser-Frazer company.

The hobby kept pace with full-scale aviation, under leadership of a few far-sighted flyers who saw its value in building an air-minded youth. One of those flyers was famed Legionnaire Col. H. Weir Cook. World War I flying ace, Col. Cook toured the country, telling the story of America's need for air strength and arousing wide interest with his collection of model aircraft.

Had his words been heeded in time, there might have been no need for Col. Cook to pay with his life in a second World War, while on active service for his country in the Solomons.

But most Americans in those days of the spluttering Thirties — including a large section of our "top brass" in Washington — still thought of model aviation as just another fad. This was not the case in certain other countries. In Germany and Italy, Japan and Russia, leaders placed model planes — and the boys who built them — under strict government controls.

Purposes of the hobby were distorted by the dictators to fit Fascist schemes. Hitler made (Continued on Page 45)

Edgar B. Burchell today, working on the slide collection that helped make him famous in the same hospital where he began work with a broom

The Ex-Janitor Who Teaches Doctors

Edgar Burchell used to look for
dirty jobs and got to know so much he
is now the most honored non-doctor
in the medical profession

By MYRON STEARNS

YOU MAY HAVE to take the word of your doctor that it is more difficult to rise to a position of high esteem in the field of medicine without a formal education than in any other field of endeavor. But it is true. And that is why the life of Edgar B. Burchell is one that Horatio Alger, Jr. shouldn't have missed.

Burchell isn't young any more. He used to wash windows and polish brass and scrub floors in the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. He used to run the elevators, too. Born and brought up in the slums, he never completed his schooling—an almost insurmountable handicap for a boy whose interest in life early turned to medicine. But Ed Burchell made up for his lack of schooling through a cooperative attitude, an unending curiosity, a willingness to work and learn, and a knack for making friends. He is not a physician and will never be one, but he is more than that. He is a teacher of physicians, a discoverer of medical knowledge now used by doctors, and as a holder of honorary degrees he is today an esteemed medical scientist in the same hospital which he used to sweep out over a generation ago.

Dean Smith of Roanoke College effectively summed up Burchell's amazing career fifteen years ago, when he presented Burchell with the honorary degree of Master of Science. Said Dr. Smith: "Mr. Burchell has never attended college. He is a scientist of world renown. Through his research in his quiet laboratory he has wrought mightily for his fellow man, adding new discoveries to medical science and constantly relieving human suffering. He began his life work many years ago as an orderly in the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. Endowed with the true pioneer instinct, he became a research specialist of the first rank in serology, bacteriology, and pathology. He is now instructor in the Eye and Ear Infirmary and has participated in the training of many of the ablest eye and ear specialists of our generation. He conducts clinics . . . for medical specialists throughout the nation. Truly modest, yet truly great, his life has been a constant benediction to man."

There was nothing in Burchell's beginnings to foreshadow his remarkable career. He was born in a poverty-ridden flat on Gansevoort Street, a block below 14th, in New York's tough 9th Ward. His father, a carpenter, was a Civil War veteran who had fought in

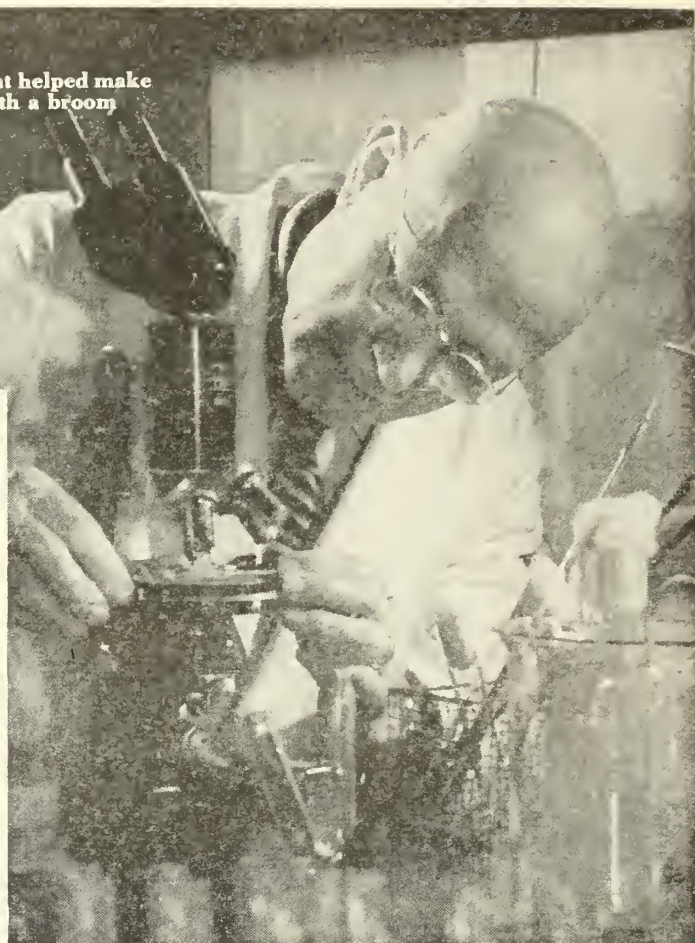
the battle of Gettysburg about nine years before. Eddie was the third child; the older two had already died. Because he was the first one to live more than a short time, his worried mother poured a lot of affection on him.

It was natural that the son of a carpenter should learn to use his hands skillfully, and enjoy making things. Most of us have a little of that in us anyway, and boys like to imitate their dads. Learning to drive a nail straight and saw a board properly develops good coordination. Using a gouge or chisel skillfully adds to it. Consequently when Eddie got his first job, at a wholesale jewelry establishment, he enjoyed the work because he could do it so well. His fingers became more deft than ever.

Plated jewelry, in those days before 1890, was rare. Most of the work was with pure gold or silver. To execute minute designs in precious metals required a high degree of craftsmanship. Eddie Burchell developed it. He thought he'd become a master jeweler.

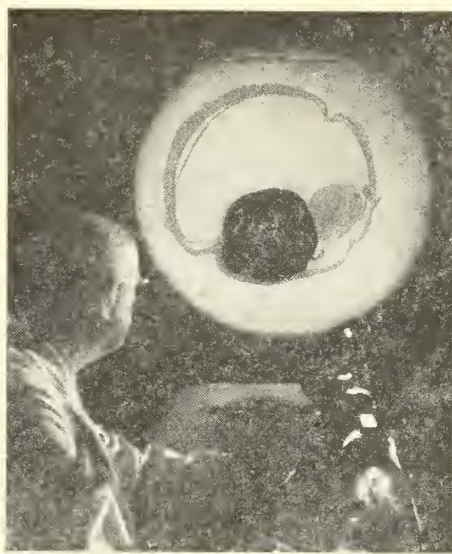
But because his father was a Civil War veteran Eddie enlisted, as soon as he was old enough, in the National Guard. Indirectly, it changed the whole pattern of his life.

At the jewelry plant there were oc-

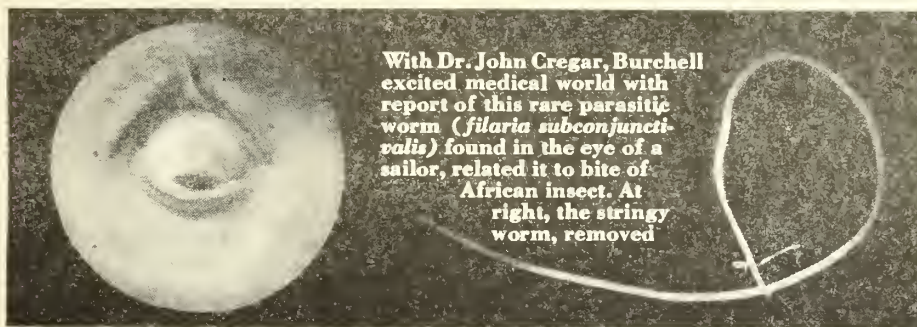




While out of work during the depression of the early Nineties young Edgar Burchell found time to have this photo taken



Class for doctors. Burchell projects blow-up section of human eye showing dark tumor that blinds by lens-pressure



With Dr. John Cregar, Burchell excited medical world with report of this rare parasitic worm (*filaria subconjunctivalis*) found in the eye of a sailor, related it to bite of African insect. At right, the stringy worm, removed

casual accidents. Various tools and machinery used in the trade were manufactured there. It was before the days when machinists protected their eyes with goggles, and before safety laws required such things, and many eyes were injured by flying bits of metal. If a hot metal filing struck the eye itself there was seldom much that could be done about it; blindness was a common result. But in many instances the filings struck and became imbedded only in the lids. In these cases the factory foreman used a strip of steel, which he would first hold against a dynamo to magnetize it, to remove the dangerous metal fragments. Eddie Burchell was fascinated by the process; always interested in helping, and he soon learned how to remove metal slivers from the eyelids of fellow workmen. He did it unhesitatingly, and skillfully, whenever the foreman didn't happen to be immediately available. This slight first-aid experience gave him the idea of possibly becoming a doctor and caused him to drift naturally, as a National Guardsman, towards the medical unit. When the New York Guard was called out in serious labor disputes at a big trolley strike in Brooklyn, and at a still more important switchmen's strike at Buffalo, Ed Bur-

chell assisted in first-aid work as a stretcher-bearer. He became a full-fledged member of the Medical Corps of the 12th New York.

Then, in the bad depression of the early Nineties, the jewelry plant folded and Ed lost his job. He was 21 years old. That same year his father died, he became his mother's sole support, and there went any hope of a formal medical education. But through his medical work as a Guardsman, he had come to know and admire Dr. Walter E. Lambert, Surgeon-Major of the 12th Regiment, who was also on the staff of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. He went to Dr. Lambert and asked him if he could possibly get him any kind of a job at the hospital.

Up to this point chance had played a big part in Ed Burchell's life, just as it does with the rest of us. But now, for the first time, he began to do something, himself, about becoming a doctor. While he was out of work and hoping, during weeks of waiting, that Dr. Lambert would be able to find some sort of a job for him, he began going around to watch famous surgeons perform operations.

That happened this way: At the Simms Operating Theatre, near where New York's Roosevelt Hospital is now,

well-known surgeons used to perform operations at clinics attended by medical school students. Since Burchell had neither the money nor the previous training necessary for any regular medical school course, he got in by simply tucking a couple of borrowed books under his arm and marching in to take his seat with the other student observers. Nobody ever questioned his right to be there.

Presently Dr. Lambert came through. The New York Eye and Ear was about to open a new building on Second Avenue and they needed a porter.

Although it meant hard work for small pay, a big step down from the skilled jewelry job he had held before, Burchell accepted eagerly. During the depression any job was welcome, and this one had the advantage of taking him closer to medical work.

He soon found that one of his duties was to keep the floor of the operating rooms clean. Instead of resenting having to scrub floors on his hands and knees, he was delighted to be so often in the operating rooms themselves, where he could see, at much closer range than had ever been possible at the Simms Operating Theatre, a good deal of what was going on.

"Why," he'll tell you today, exultantly, as if washing floors can be the best luck in the world, "it gave me a regular ringside seat!"

But he did more than merely scrub floors in those operating rooms. He noticed that both doctors and nurses were often very awkward about getting patients on and off the operating tables. Although it was "over and above the ordinary call of duty" of a floor-cleaner, although in fact it was officially none of his business, he managed to be Eddie-on-the-spot as often as possible to lend a helping hand at moving unconscious, or sometimes semi-conscious, patients. His work and training in the National Guard with stretcher cases came in handy; he was from time to time able to point out, unobtrusively, to both doctors and nurses, better methods than they were using in shifting patients about.

This friendly helpfulness didn't go unnoticed. In about three months helpful Burchell was promoted from porter to operating-room orderly. Then his job was expanded so that he became laboratory orderly as well. These were the first big steps up in his long climb.

He was fascinated by the experiments that went on in the laboratory. Although as orderly his work at first was merely to keep the laboratories clean, he came in friendly contact with teachers and students in the post-graduate medical courses.

He noticed, (Continued on page 30)

Three Ways to Sell Yourself

Do you want:
A BETTER JOB?
MORE BUSINESS?
FASTER PROMOTION?

Here are tested ways
of getting what you want

By **CHARLES B. ROTH**

A FRIEND IN CHICAGO who had known me before he went away to World War II wrote me that he was having this young veteran call on me, and in the due course of time the caller arrived.

He said he had decided he was going to move to my city because he had spent a year here in a training camp, liked the people, liked the climate, liked the future of the place. As soon as he was discharged he had pulled up stakes in Chicago—and, well, here he was. I quizzed him about his plans, reminded him that starting fresh in a brand new community was a major undertaking.

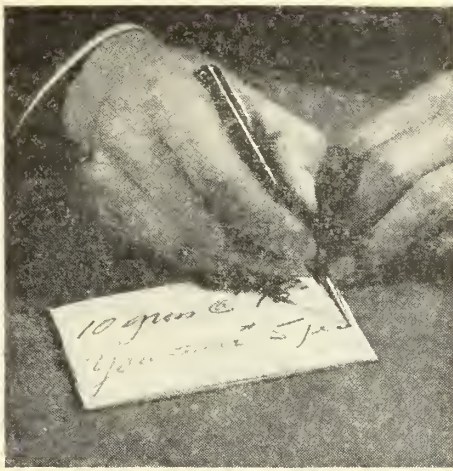
"I know that," he retorted cheerfully. "But I'm not worried. I'll sell myself to the whole town."

Whereupon I stopped worrying about his future, for I perceived that he was a realist, and saw what everyone who achieves clearly sees, that it's every man's job to sell himself to his world if he wants to get anything out of that world. Inside of six months, because he assiduously practiced the sound principles of self-salesmanship, this vet was firmly established in his job with an old-established firm in the city of his adoption, and when I talked to him last week he told me he had just been named head of his department. He's selling his way up the ladder.

I have observed that the one thing those who succeed—no matter whether they are on a job, in business for themselves, or in a profession—have in common, is this ability to sell themselves. Consciously or unconsciously, by design or just by dumb luck, they use the principles of self-salesmanship and thus attain their ends. Around them are men and women with equal or more ability who have to be satisfied with mediocre



The most important thing you
have to sell is yourself. Try to see
yourself the way others see you



An insurance man makes sales by this trick. He writes his notes upside down

rewards—because they haven't mastered the principles of selling themselves.

As another example of how a man sells himself into success, I should like to consider a young college professor who was associated with me 15 years ago. He had just taken an assistant professorship which might, given 15 or 20 years, result in a full professorship and maybe a \$6000 salary. But this boy had his eyes on no such a future. No, sir. He knew what he wanted—nothing less than a top management spot with a top corporation.

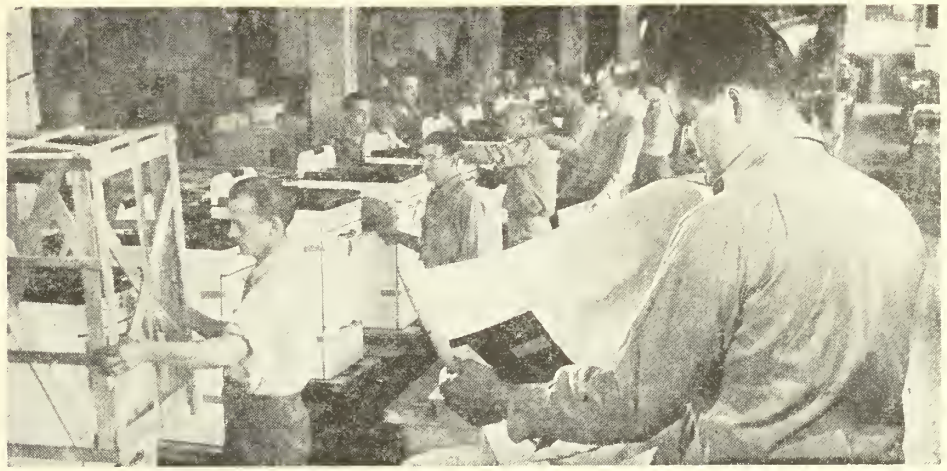
I watched his climb, from a ringside seat, so I can tell you exactly what happened. He is today one of the vice presidents of United States Steel Corporation. He sold his way to the top, using the tested methods of salesmanship I shall presently outline for you. Step by step, from one job to a better one above it, always with salesmanship as his aide, he went to his goal. He's no exception. Every day smart men are doing the same thing.

You, for instance, may not regard yourself as a salesman in the strictest sense of the word. Maybe you are a cost accountant, a radio mechanic, a doctor or a dentist, or maybe just a secretary. Just the same you're a salesman every day of your life, selling the two most important things in your life—yourself and your ideas. To the extent that you do a good job with your "merchandise" are you a success in life!

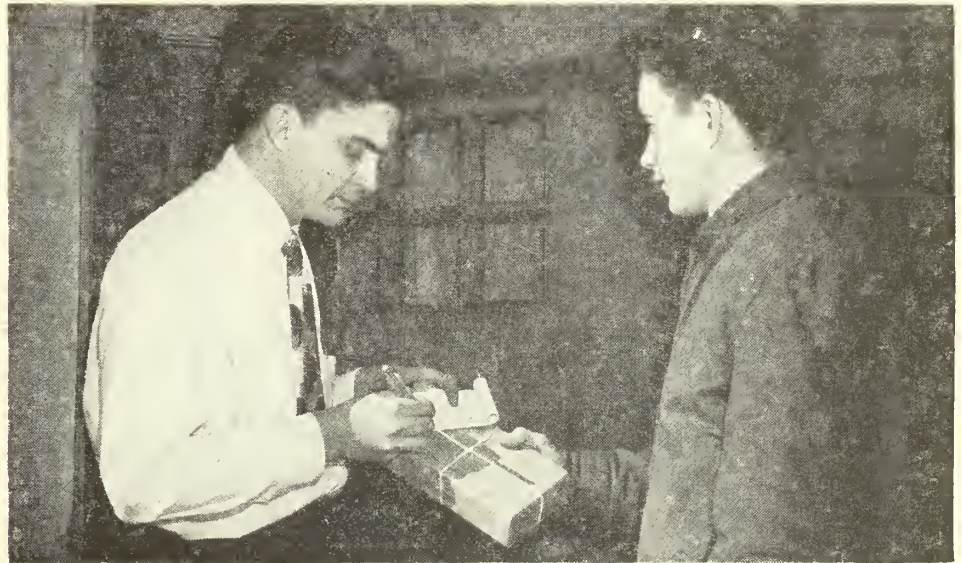
The principles of salesmanship by which any man sells himself are well known and carefully organized, so there is no sense in anyone's being less than right in this important job. All he need do is take a cue from topnotch professional salesmen, see how they make sales—then go and do likewise.

Reduced to its simplest terms the selling process consists of three things—getting attention, getting confidence, getting action.

Of these, attention comes first. That



Ideas get attention. The best way to get ideas is to think about your job



A certain salesman makes it a point to promise his clients small favors. By following through without fail he wins and keeps their confidence

is what you have to win in selling yourself. I recollect a young man who came to Denver from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to make a fresh start in the fire insurance business. The illness of his wife demanded that she live in Denver, but Denver then was a place of rife competition in the fire insurance business. Old-established firms, with connections running back half a century, made it an almost impossible situation for a newcomer. And this chap was young, without much money to back him up. For a long time no one paid the slightest attention to him, but he wouldn't let the world ignore him. He found a way to get attention.

I still think the job he did is one of the classics of self-salesmanship. He surveyed the field, saw that he had to be different to get attention, so he hit upon a scheme of sending a one-line letter to his prospects and customers on Monday of each week—just one friendly, cordial, cogent sentence. No one paid much attention to the first three or four letters, but after a few

months, he was the talk of the town. Newspaper commentators wrote about his plan. A magazine carried a success story about him. Now, five years later, he's the head of a thriving business.

I watched another man sell himself by winning favorable attention. He was an ordinary clerk in a big Akron factory, and there wasn't much a man in his job could do to distinguish himself. But he did it in spite of all obstacles. Instead of being satisfied with his lot in life, he spent his spare time thinking of how he could do his job better—which is always good. Every week or two he went to the boss with a well-thought-out idea for improving procedure in the department; not a half-baked, radical scheme, but a sensible plan which any business man could see was mature. Not all his ideas were adopted, to be sure, but it wasn't too long before he was given a better job. You see, he also won attention.

A third man I know won favorable attention to himself by studying the special interest (Continued on page 40)

What You Should Know About Military Funerals

In paying tribute to departed comrades, Legionnaires should know the how and the why of the burial service

By BOB DAVIS and VERNON LANGILLE

BY THE TIME ALL of this country's war dead have been returned from foreign soil—and it will take until late 1949 by present estimates—hardly an American city, town or hamlet will have missed helping to pay this nation's debt to the men of World War II who made the supreme sacrifice.

Since the great majority of military funerals for World War II deceased are being conducted by veterans' organizations, limited local facilities have by necessity reduced the ceremonies to their basic elements.

The casket of a soldier is always covered with the American flag. When possible it is transported to the cemetery on a caisson, though usually a hearse is employed. It is carried from the hearse to the grave by six pallbearers. In addition to the pallbearers there may be honorary pallbearers who march to the cemetery alongside the caisson or hearse.

At the cemetery the casket is placed over the grave and the pallbearers hold the flag-pall waist high over the casket. After the committal service is read by a chaplain or clergyman, a firing party fires three volleys. A bugler stationed at the head of the grave sounds Taps over the casket and the last rites are completed.

These basic elements are the foun-

dation of all military funerals, whether it be the simple ceremony accorded a private or the more elaborate full-dress honors rated by high-ranking officers of state, and generals.

Today's military funeral procedure has its roots in ancient usage. Most of the customs and traditions are based on battlefield expedients used long ago. The use of the caisson is an obvious combat improvisation. The caisson, meaning a case or ammunition box, was carried on a limber pulled by either two or four horses, depending upon the size of the cannon which was dragged along behind. In rare instances, if the ammo box were not too full, the body of a comrade might be carried within the case itself. However, the field expedient most often resorted to was transportation of the body on top of the limber.

The custom of covering the casket with a flag originated on the field of battle where burial facilities are seldom available. The American flag, wrapped around the body of a fallen warrior, often served as a makeshift pall. In later years this simple custom assumed a significance much deeper than mere



expediency. Use of the national colors as a cover for the casket now symbolizes the fact that the soldier served in the armed forces of the United States and that his country assumes full responsibility for his burial as a solemn and sacred obligation.

Most historians agree that the volley fired over the grave grew out of the old European army custom whereby opposing forces called periodic truces for the purpose of burying their dead. The volley fired three times announced that the burial ceremony was over and invited the enemy once again to join in combat. Although this rule of combat etiquette has long since been laid aside, such isolated examples of

fair play, even on the field of battle, serve to remind us of the medieval joust and tournament from which all modern warfare grew.

Flying the colors at half mast and the sounding of Taps at the graveside are among the most commonly-known honors in military burial procedure. In early times when wars confined their destruction to forts and blockhouses, it was customary for the victor to fly his colors over the flag of the vanquished. To do this, the enemy flag was lowered to half staff. At funeral ceremonies, colors at half mast symbolize the victory of life over death and the ascendancy of the spiritual over the temporal.

It is particularly appropriate that Taps be played at the grave of a deceased soldier. In life, Taps was the last bugle call that he heard at night. In death, the bugle's plaintive notes

marks the beginning of the long sleep and expresses hope and confidence in an ultimate reveille to come in the indefinite hereafter.

The custom of leading a caparisoned horse behind the caisson in the funeral procession of a cavalry trooper or general class officer of the Army and Marine Corps stems from the most colorful of ancient military burial traditions. From the days of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane to the time of General Kasimer who was buried at Treves in 1781, horses had been sacrificed at the graves of their warrior masters. In this way the horse's spirit would be reunited with the spirit of its master and they would ride again in Valhalla, the place to which all brave fighters went.

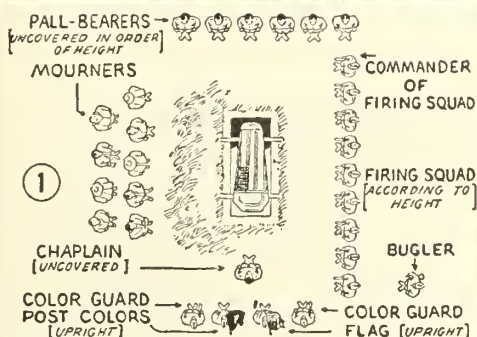
The present-day caparisoned horse is led riderless, boots reversed in the stirrups and sword reversed in the saddle,

signifying that the deceased will ride no more. At National Cemetery, a big gelding named Black Beauty has escorted many officers to their graves.

From the time that the body of a serviceman is exhumed in a foreign country until reburial in native soil, great care is taken to assure that all military courtesies and respect for a dead comrade-in-arms are carried out. The casket is never without the cover of an American flag and must be accompanied by an escort or honor guard at all times. In keeping with an ages-old belief that if a warrior were to rise he would face the field of battle, the body is always transported feet first.

These basic symbols of the military burial ceremony are both traditional and inviolate. They have been standard honors shown American military dead since the infancy of the Republic. THE END

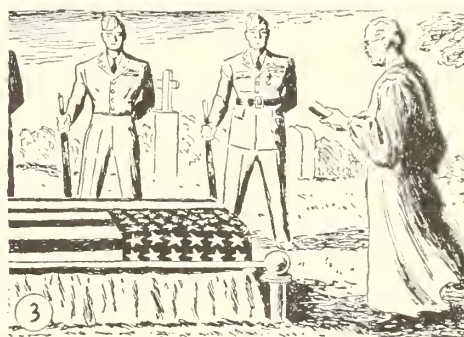
HOW A LEGION POST PAYS ITS FINAL RESPECTS AT A MILITARY FUNERAL



Arrangement of official burial party in a hollow square around the open grave



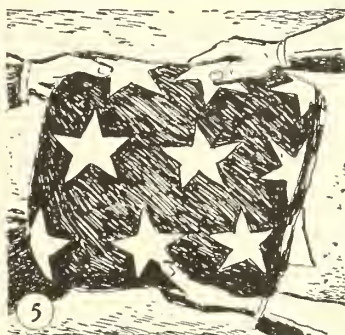
At cemetery, firing squad and Colors go ahead; they present arms as casket nears



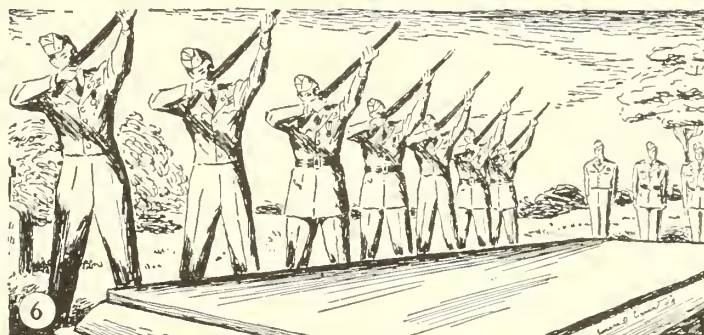
The chaplain reads the prayers; firing squad, and members stand at parade rest



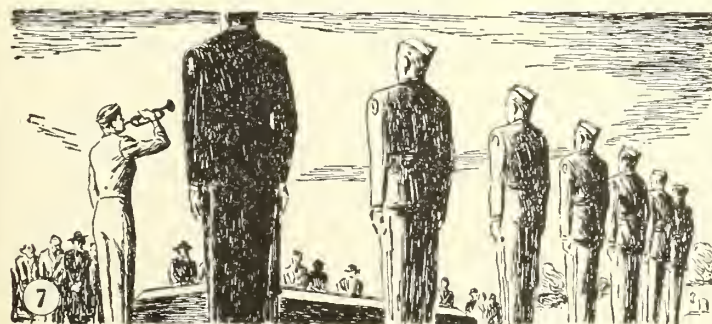
Two pallbearers step forward, lift and carefully fold the flag



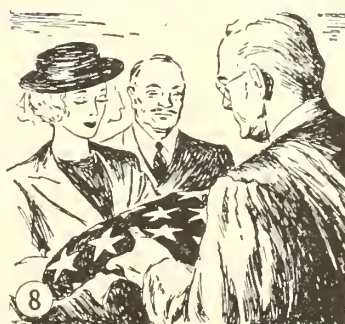
Flag is handed to chaplain, folded with blue field on the outside



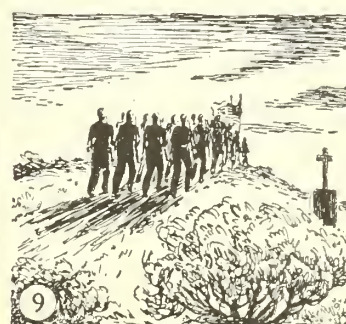
The firing squad, with rifles raised, then fires three volleys over the bared casket; members of official party at attention



The bugler advances to the head of grave and blows taps, party stands at attention, firing squad presents arms, members salute



The folded flag, blue field up, is given to family by chaplain



Official party forms and marches in order from the cemetery

Legion Newsletter

MAY 1948

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

* * * * *

GI SUBSISTENCE PAY INCREASED: About two million vets going to school in colleges and universities under the GI Bill and Public Law 16 got a nice lift in their subsistence allowance when President Truman signed Public Law 411 . . . Pay for single veterans is hiked from \$65 to \$75, those with one dependent go from \$90 to \$105, and to \$120 for those with more than one dependent . . . Beginning April 1, the increase is automatic for those receiving \$65 or \$90 . . . GI students under Public 16 already receiving dependency allowance need not file additional evidence for more than one dependent . . . Application for and dependent evidence is required of those under Public 346 (GI Bill) for more than one dependent.

* * * * *

HAWAII PAYS VET BONUS: In its closing hours the Hawaii Legislature enacted a veterans' bonus bill . . . tacked on to a bill providing for cemeteries for veterans . . . Payment of flat \$300 is made to veterans who were residents of the Territory at least six months prior to entering armed forces, who served between September 16, 1940, and September 2, 1945; were separated under honorable conditions, and who, at the time of application, are receiving disability pay of ten percent or more . . . Thus, payment is made only to those receiving compensation or pension for service-incurred disabilities . . . Appropriation of \$390,000 made for bonus payment . . . Write Vincent Guntzer, Director, Territorial Council of Veterans Affairs, Iolani Place Grounds, Honolulu 2, T. H., for information and applications.

NAVY GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL: Navy announces that this medal is available and is being issued to eligible veterans on application of the individual . . . Qualified Navy vets who have not received the award should write Chief of Naval Personnel, Attention Pers-10, Department of the Navy, Washington 25, D. C. . . . Give identifying information, full name, service number, rate, date of enlistment and discharge, and present address.

* * * * *

CALLING COAST GUARD: Some 12,000 Coast Guard vets discharged since December 7, 1941, with "ordinary" and "honorable condition" tickets are eligible for honorable discharges . . . New certificates will be issued only on application . . . Write Commandant, (PEA-C), U. S. Coast Guard, Washington 25, D. C., to request review.

* * * * *

GI RIGHTS EXTENDED: VA Administrator rules that to persons who enlisted or re-enlisted in Army between October 6, 1945, and October 6, 1946, and extended service after last named date will accrue benefits under GI Bill to discharge or until maximum has been reached . . . To Navy veterans under similar conditions will accrue benefits based on active service prior to date of extension.

* * * * *

JUNIOR BASEBALL: Every continental Department of the Legion is geared for Junior Baseball program . . . outlook is that 1948 will top all previous years . . . more than a million sandlot players forecast . . . First games of series start around Memorial Day in Western and mid-Western States . . . The

annual Boys' States start at same time, with 43 Departments holding full-scale forums.

* * * * *

LEGION NOTES: Emphasis will be thrown on "I Am An American Day," celebrated this year on May 16 . . . Legion Posts throughout the country will participate . . . Florida led the 1948 series of Department Conventions with their annual meet at Panama City on April 23-25 . . . Twenty-eight Departments entered teams in Legion's National Basketball Tournament, Evansville, Indiana, April 1-4 . . . 190 teams from 34 cities competed in the Legion's Midwest Bowling Tournament at Omaha, Nebraska, in mid-March.

* * * * *

VA TO CUT PERSONNEL: Approximately 8,500 employees of the VA will be let out before end of the fiscal year on June 30, conforming to budget cuts . . . Heaviest loss will be in Vocational Rehab. and Education services, from 21,223 reduced to 17,342.

* * * * *

CHIPS: Boundary Post at Bonners Ferry, Idaho, has on its rolls six Hogue brothers, five Smith brothers, five McCalmant brothers, and five Mesenbrink brothers . . . Five-war vet R. H. (Bob) Hansford is Commander of Carl Barnes Post at Ranger, Texas . . . He saw service in the Spanish-American War, Boxer Rebellion, Philippine Insurrection, the Mexican Border incident, and both World Wars . . . Carl Jones Post, Ravenna, Ohio, is small but with a mighty spirit . . . Composed of all colored veterans, the Post has little money, but is preparing to build a big club house on a lot not yet bought . . . Members are making concrete blocks and have more than a thousand piled up at the home of Commander Hansel Nicholson.



*Served by Mr. & Mrs.
Gregory Peck
in the Modern Bar of their
Santa Monica Home*

PLAYTIME...for GREGORY PECK, and You!

WHETHER IT'S GREGORY PECK, loafing at home after a day at the studio—or you, in your own playtime moments—both will find Pabst Blue Ribbon always a pleasant, friendly companion.

That ever-faithful, real beer flavor you enjoy in Pabst Blue Ribbon was achieved by 104 years of pioneering in the *Art of Brewing* . . . and the *Science of Blending*.

By tasting, by comparing, you will understand why millions the world over have settled down to the real beer enjoyment and satisfaction that come only with blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

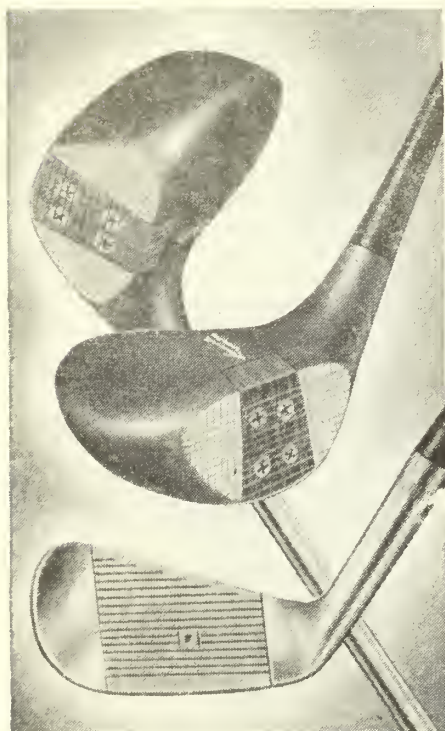
Pabst
Blue Ribbon



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every Thursday night over N B C.

Copr. 1948
Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Winning Hands play GRAND SLAMS



Get that feeling of confidence that comes only with playing clubs that you know are right. Louisville Grand Slams are made to rigid quality standards . . . by master golf club craftsmen. See your Grand Slam dealer and swing out with winners in '48.

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



ALSO MAKERS OF LOUISVILLE SLUGGER
BASEBALL & SOFTBALL BATS

THE EX-JANITOR WHO TEACHES DOCTORS

(Continued from page 23)

He soon found that a lot of essential laboratory work was regarded by the doctors and students as mere drudgery. Burchell didn't look at it that way. He offered to do such odd jobs as he could find time for, provided they'd show him how.

What a break for students already crowded with other work!

Urinalysis, for instance. It's a safe bet that nobody has ever liked to do that. But when they showed Burchell how to make the necessary analysis, he willingly did it for them. Then there was the tiresome job of preparing tissues for experiment and demonstration: Burchell soon learned how to do this efficiently, and took on as much of it as he could without neglecting his regular duties. It gave him an awful lot to do but he actually enjoyed doing it, and considered himself lucky (as he really was, though a lot of people might not think so) in getting it.

"Let Burchell do it," became a laboratory slogan.

Gradually he became indispensable to the laboratory. In 1900, six years after he first began work as a porter, he was officially made Laboratory Assistant—a job that under ordinary circumstances would have been given only to a college and medical school graduate.

At this time a visiting European specialist brought to the laboratory some skull-bone specimens that had been prepared in Vienna. The doctors admired them. Burchell admired them. But he did more than admire them. "His" laboratory had no such instructive collection, and Ed thought he could prepare some—perhaps even better than those from Vienna. Anyway, it seemed worth a try.

From a friend (always it seemed he had a friend, here, there, everywhere) in the

dissecting room of one of the medical schools he obtained a succession of brand new skulls. They required a lot of boiling, and then he had to bleach them properly for appearance. After that Burchell, the carpenter's son, would saw out the sections he wanted and Burchell, the jeweler's helper, would hinge them carefully for demonstration. Burchell, the National Guard medic, devised imitation muscles, where he needed them, of waxed gauze.

His final results were so good that the visiting surgeon was amazed and delighted. He told Ed they were better skull-parts than anything that had ever been turned out in Vienna.

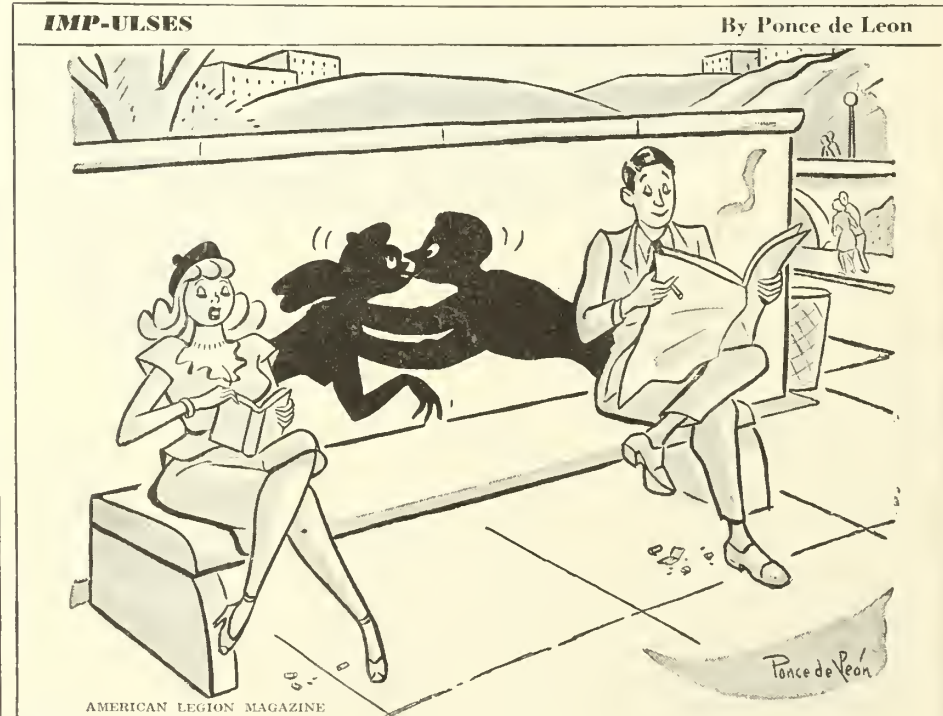
For a poor, uneducated boy who started in the hospital as a porter Burchell's career to this point was already a success. If he had remained a laboratory assistant to this day he would have done well—considering his beginnings and his limited opportunities. But the skull-bone business was the beginning of a new phase of his career. He wasn't satisfied to rest on the praise of the European surgeon or the beauty of his skull-collection. He had learned a little about skulls and wanted to learn more, and he kept studying the collection and adding to it.

He got to know more and more about the little cavities around the ears and the nose—the different sinus openings in the cheek-bones and the temple bone, the cavity in the mastoid bone that can cause so much suffering, and the various bone channels for nerves. He didn't have to do this. He was just curious, and suddenly, on no particular day, he began to know things about the human head that his medical friends didn't know.

Bones are like fingertips. No two skulls are alike, the size and shape of each set of sinus cavities is entirely different from every other. You may collect autographs or stamps, Burchell began collecting skull-parts and at the New York Eye and Ear

IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Ponce de Leon

Infirmiry he started what has become one of the most valuable collections for medical science in the world; a collection of different sinus and mastoid and other skull-bone shapes and cavities.

Presently Burchell was able to tell ear and nose specialists things about the heads of living people, on whom they had to operate, which they had never been able to tell before without cutting first. He could show them such things as the varying positions of the great facial (Seventh) nerve, without which one side of the nose and mouth cannot be moved. Surgeons had not always been able to predict where the nerve would lie, and in sinus and mastoid operations had sometimes accidentally cut it, disfiguring the patient for life.

Burchell began to be the man who knew most about where the nerve was likely to be found, hence avoided, in any particular patient. Doctors began consulting with him.

That was merely the first of his contributions to science. His special knowledge of the head-structure has grown over the span of the decades, and increasingly specialists looked to Burchell and to his written reports for guidance. But that is not all.

To his skull-bone collection he soon began to add another specialty, eyes. They were his first medical love, back in the jeweler's shop. Burchell would take an unusual eyeball, valuable for medical study because of malformation or disease, cut it in half and fasten one half to the inside of a bottle filled with preservative. The remaining half he would slice into perhaps 300 miraculously thin segments, mounting each one between glass slides for lecture work with a stereopticon or for microscope study.

In all Burchell estimates that he has prepared in these different ways more than 250,000 specimens, each instructive to young doctors starting out in the world or older specialists studying to keep up with their specialty. Today, because of his unusual work, he knows more about the anatomy of the human eye than most eye specialists do.

He noticed, while he was still a laboratory assistant, that when doctors were showing his eye-section slides to accompany their lectures to students and internes they never mentioned his name. So he started signing all his slides: "Burchell." That began to bring him an honestly earned reputation. Yet it wasn't in him to have the kind of grasping ambition that would tempt the doctors to knock him down. He had friends everywhere, and his willingness to be helpful kept him clear of the petty jealousies that could have stopped his career.

On the other hand, these friends helped him. From them he received many favors that played a big part in his steady rise. One of his doctor friends, Dr. Peter Gallen, paid tuition for him for night school classes at a New York preparatory school. Burchell took three years of English work. On Saturdays he went to public lectures at Cooper Union. Once a week he went to a chemistry course at Washington Irving High School.

Dr. John E. Weeks, a great pathologist who discovered the bacillus responsible for

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The new Zenith "75" comes to you by mail! No "fitting," no sales pressure. Hear better or Zenith will refund your money in full!

Single Unit
\$75 Complete



NEW *Zenith* "75"

THE HEARING AID THAT NEEDS NO "FITTING"

AT LAST—your opportunity to discover how much a hearing aid can mean in your life . . . without embarrassment or inconvenience, without exposing yourself to high pressure salesmen, without risking a penny!

All made possible by this improved kind of hearing aid that needs no "fitting." Because it employs Zenith's "Full-Range Audio" principle, designed to amplify the full range of sounds covered by the instrument. Thus you, yourself, can instantly select the particular range that enables you to hear best in different surroundings—with Zenith's Fingertip Control! The correctness of this principle was recently confirmed in U. S. Government-sponsored research at Harvard University.

Revolutionary Money-Back Trial

Because the Zenith "75" needs no "fitting"—is so advanced in performance—it is the *only* hearing aid that comes to you by mail with this sensational guarantee:

Wear it at home, at work, at movies, anywhere. Compare its quality, performance, operating economy (less than 1c per hour battery cost) with that of any other hearing aid. If the Zenith "75" does not excel on all counts . . . if it isn't better than you ever dreamed any hearing aid could be . . . return it within ten days of receipt and get your money back in full!

And because it comes to you by mail, the Zenith "75" also saves you over \$100! If its price had to include "fitting," middlemen's profits and high sales commissions, this top quality hearing aid would have to sell for \$195, instead of \$75. So do as tens of thousands have already done. Order your Zenith "75" and find new happiness, new zest for living. You owe it to your family, friends and business associates. Use coupon below.



Look only to your doctor for advice on your ears and hearing.

BY THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS ZENITH RADIOS



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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*Plus tax of \$1.50 for residents of Illinois or New York City; \$1.88 for residents of California, except Los Angeles, \$2.25.

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HERE'S A FISHIN'
FOURSOME THAT'S
TOPS!



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"Action you've never experienced before in a rod," anglers say. It adds a new thrill to bait casting. Controlled flexibility produces a live suppleness that gives just the right whip for perfect, effortless casting. Length 4 ft., 11 in. **\$15**

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Makes casting easy, effortless and a real pleasure. Precision-built. Level winding. **\$10.** Others \$11 and \$13.50.

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World's greatest—and most imitated—bait. Darting, diving action that gets results. 6 finishes, **\$1.10** each. 4 other sizes 65c to 90c.

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SOUTH BEND

A Name
Famous in
Fishing

pink-eye, was in charge of the laboratory when Burchell went there. Through friendly contact with him and with other big men, the young laboratory assistant learned more and more. Dr. Dickson, Dr. Weeks' successor as laboratory head, helped him with photographic work. When the Wasserman test was first made public some of the Infirmary staff who had helped Burchell with biological chemistry got him work with the famous Dr. Noguchi.

Naturally he did not remain a laboratory assistant. He rose gradually to become assistant director of the laboratory, then serologist for the hospital, then curator of its museum. Eventually the Infirmary sent its former mop boy to Vienna for added study. And though they let him go briefly for such study, for work with Dr. Noguchi, and to tour and lecture and conduct clinics, the hospital never released him nor did he ever wish to leave the scenes where he began his work and made his early friends. Life was interesting there, and crammed with unusual experiences. Back in the early Thirties when the King of Siam, Prajadhipok, travelled half-way around the world for expert treatment to save his eyesight, Ed Burchell made all the preliminary tests on the King's eyes to see whether an operation for cataract could be safely performed.

Some years ago a sailor came to the Infirmary with an itching left eye. Under the outer covering of the eye Burchell noted a tropical parasite known as Filaria Loa. Dr. John S. Cregar of the Infirmary made an opening and pulled out a worm nearly three inches long. Dr. Cregar and Burchell made a report of this unusual parasite to the New York Academy of Medicine which drew considerable comment from the profession, but was no less interesting to Burchell, himself.

Burchell has had some personal revenge in his medical work. During the Spanish-American War he went to Cuba with the 12th New York and came down with typhoid. This was followed by phlebitis and incapacitated him for active field work. But in 1916 he helped immunize every member of the regiment against typhoid before it went to the Mexican Border, a kind of revenge against typhoid.

After he had married and had children of his own, Burchell organized, in spite of his heavy laboratory work, a Boy Scout troop, and taught chemistry to the boys. He passed along to them the camera knowledge he had acquired from Dr. Dickson.

Today he is 75, and looks back with great pride, satisfaction and enjoyment to his long career. His first job at the Infirmary paid \$17 a month. His hours were from seven in the morning until seven at night, working at the most menial job in the building, with every fourth Sunday off. But at the end of his 50th year at the same institution specialists journeyed from all over the country to honor him. Dr. William Benedict of the famous Mayo Clinic came to New York to present him with an Honorary Fellowship in the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, which may mean nothing

to laymen but is the largest association of eye and ear specialists in the world.

Burchell is the only non-doctor to hold a fellowship in that Academy. At the same time members of the hospital staff gave him a \$350 gold watch, with the Infirmary seal on the back, as a "Jubilee award." He had climbed from the bottom of the hospital to the top, and from nothing in the profession to an esteemed Fellow.

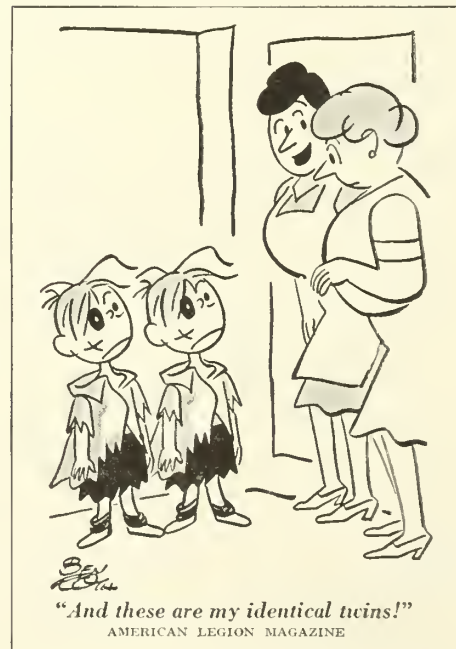
On hand that night to honor Burchell were many famed doctors who had studied at his feet, who counted him as their first friend in what looked like a cold professional world. A representative of New York University boasted that Burchell, who had been unable to get a medical education, had long been associated with that institution in a teaching capacity.

On hand that night was the Colonel of the 12th Regiment of the New York National Guard, who brought six officers and fifty enlisted men, with the colors of the Regiment, to pay former-medic Burchell personal honors. The Colonel pointed a finger at Burchell and told his men that there in the flesh was the kind of man who had once trod the armory floors, and the kind he would hold up to them as an example for men of the 12th.

Now, although he is 75, Edgar B. Burchell is still going strong. Every day, when he's not on lecture trips, teaching doctors, he's at his laboratory working. He still enjoys his work, as he always has. He is deeply and quietly religious, feeling that love of work and faith in God and what He stands for are the two things that give a life meaning, whether it is successful or unsuccessful by other standards. He says he has two favorite books, the Bible and Gray's Anatomy, for, "God made man and Gray described him."

If you ask him the reason for his success, he's likely to smile and tell you: "We're all of us only monkeys. Monkeys are good imitators. If we imitate well enough we can do anything." It's a gross understatement, but that's how Eddie Burchell—Doctor Burchell—sees it.

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

The American Legion Budget — 1948

In compliance with Convention action, the National Finance Committee hereby publishes the budget for the National Organization of The American Legion for the year 1948, as presented to and adopted by the National Executive Committee at its 1947 meeting at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Revenue

General:	
Dues @ \$1.00	\$3,100,000.00
S. A. L. Members @ 25¢	2,500.00
Emblem Division Net Earnings	125,000.00
Reserve Fund Earnings	13,000.00
Purchase Discount	7,500.00
Interest Earned	12,800.00
Interest on Washington Building	5,280.00
Interest on Capitol Avenue Building	3,750.00
Interest on Emblem Inventory	18,000.00
Rental on Washington Property	4,800.00
	<u>3,292,630.00</u>

Restricted:	
Restricted Fund	250,000.00
Earnings of Endowment Fund	140,000.00
Contributions:	
40 & 8 for Child Welfare	40,000.00
Auxiliary for Rehabilitation	25,000.00
Auxiliary for Child Welfare	10,000.00
8 & 40 for Child Welfare	1,000.00
	<u>466,000.00</u>
	<u>\$3,758,630.00</u>

Expense

	<i>Approved</i>
Internal Organization	\$471,438.28
A. Administration Washington	76,989.17
Americanism	143,534.26
Executive	149,600.00
Economic	52,869.17
Convention	13,420.00
Finance	65,450.18
A. American Legion Magazine	1,580,176.87
B. National Legionnaire	145,604.54
Legislative	61,443.75
Public Relations	211,815.05
Security	50,951.47
Rehabilitation and Child Welfare	134,300.90
Appropriation for Retirement	100,000.00
	<u>3,257,593.64</u>

Expense: Payable from Restricted Revenue	
Rehabilitation	441,903.03
Child Welfare	158,397.87
	<u>600,300.90</u>
Less: Excess over Restricted Revenue	
	134,300.90
	<u>466,000.00</u>
	<u>3,723,593.64</u>
Reserve against membership	35,036.36
	<u>\$3,758,630.00</u>

NATIONAL FINANCE COMMITTEE:

Sam W. Reynolds, Nebraska, *Chairman*
Edward W. Bolt, California
William J. Dwyer, New York
Harold P. Redden
John D. Ewing, Louisiana
William P. Roan, Pennsylvania
Clarence E. Cross



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

How to put up with women's styles

When Will Dudley's missus finally gave in to the new-style longer skirts, Will was mighty critical at first. Allowed as how women were a slave to fashion . . . ought to dress to please their husbands and not style designers.

Then Dee finally reminded Will of his habit of sitting by the radio on Saturday afternoons in his shirt sleeves and old carpet slippers, listening to the sportcasts with a mellow glass of beer. She suggested that maybe Will was a slave to comfort.

And Will admitted she was right. It just goes to show that the way somebody dresses isn't always to our taste — just as Will's glass of beer may be another person's cider.

But from where I sit, those little differences aren't important — unless we go out of our way to make them so, by being hypercritical. As Will says now: "Well, anyway, those long skirts hide a multitude of shins". . . and lets it go at that!

Joe Marsh

It's Not Too Late...



... To Bring Your Town An OLD-FASHIONED 4th of July

Like the Stars go with the Stripes and freedom goes with America, so fireworks have always been associated with Independence Day. Yet, in many places, folks haven't seen a real fireworks display in years. Perhaps that's true in your town, too.

Your Legion Post can win a lot of prestige and spread a lot of pleasure by climaxing the traditional celebration of the Fourth with a thrilling fireworks display. And, maybe it will help folks think a little more about the things that make our country great . . . loyalty . . . democracy . . . liberty and opportunity for everyone.

Public fireworks displays are legal in every state when properly supervised. Your local fire and police departments will help you secure the necessary permits. And "PAINS," the oldest name in display fireworks, will help assure a show worthy of your post and worthy of your town in every respect.

Complete Shows from \$50 to \$1000
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Standard of Quality The World Over

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BATTLING RIO GRANDE DOPE SMUGGLERS

(Continued from page 13)

live the roles they play so convincingly that they can snare dope smugglers.

Take Narcotics Agent and Legionnaire Bill Lownes for example, and he is typical. Lownes once again has dropped out of sight after having been instrumental in breaking up a ring of dope smugglers headed by Jesus Demara, alias Chiquili, self-styled Capone of Baja California, a fast man with a six gun in any bad-man league. Even the vigilant Chiquili was taken in by Lownes' impersonation of a narcotics buyer from the West Coast.

One afternoon at a rendezvous on the Mexican side of the border Chiquili told the pseudo Hollywood dope trafficker that he was ready to deliver 139 cans of prepared smoking opium that night on the U. S. side at an isolated spot near Calexico.

This short notice didn't give the Treasury agents much time to work out a plan of strategy to assure the capture of Chiquili and his entire gang. Nevertheless they moved fast and efficiently. Lownes was joined by Customs Patrolman Reilly and Customs Agents Thomas, Prudden and Smith.

Since automobiles seldom visit the desolate spot that Chiquili selected as a rendezvous only one car could be sent in without arousing suspicion. Lownes decided to conceal as many men as possible in his car. One Customs officer was hidden in the trunk compartment. The rear seat was removed and men were concealed there under blankets and suitcases. They were armed with pistols and guns.

Lownes drove the decoy car to the meeting place at 7 P.M., parked it in full view of the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. Then he walked 50 paces to the nearby border to meet Chiquili and his gang.

They weren't long in coming. Chiquili approached him, one hand rested lightly on his automatic pistol. Suddenly he came to a stop. So did his three followers.

"Sanchez," he barked to one of the men who carried a rifle, "remain here and cover the road."

Then he strode towards Lownes. Behind him were the two others, Velazquez and Galvez, the latter carrying the gunny sack of opium. Chiquili ordered his henchman to open the sack so that Lownes could see its contents.

"Okay?" he asked, his voice thin-edged. Lownes nodded. "I'll get the money," he said matter-of-factly. "It's in the trunk compartment."

The three smugglers followed him as he walked to the car. Lownes took a deep breath and slowly moved a hand towards his coat pocket in which he had his .38.

"Here it is," he called out loudly as he opened the compartment. The words were a pre-arranged signal.

"Double crosser! Chiquili snarled, adding several oaths in Spanish. His finger tightened on the trigger of his automatic. The gun fight was on.

There was a hail of bullets as the Government men went into action and the smugglers tried to shoot their way out of the cleverly prepared trap.

The wily Chiquili had hidden snipers in the mesquite to cover his escape in just such an eventuality. His counter measures, however, fell short. Three of his men were shot down. Galvez and the sack of dope he carried were captured. Chiquili himself was wounded in the deadly gun duel. He retreated slowly, later to be arrested and held by cooperating Mexican authorities.

Miraculously enough not one of the fast shooting Government agents was injured although their car was badly shot up. They had cracked down on one desperate gang of smugglers, and captured \$63,000 worth of dope.

In one significant respect the modern dope smuggler is reminiscent of the Chicago mob leader of the Prohibition Era. He is usually a master of the double cross. He can't resist employing it, not only on a buyer but on members of his own gang.

The Case of the Opium Queen, which involves a double cross, may be chronicled in a vein of less violence. Her name is Ignacia Jasso de Gonzalez although on the border she is known more familiarly as *La Nacha* because of her unusual pug nose.

Around Juarez she had a reputation for excellent cookery and one of the writers of this article is numbered among the many American visitors who can testify as to the tastiness of her *tortillas* and the succulence of her *frijoles*.

But *La Nacha* had another, far more profitable interest. Snugly concealed in the Jalisco hills and safe from the prying eyes of the Mexican authorities was a large field of opium poppies which she adroitly converted into a colorfully petalled gold mine.

La Nacha shrewdly gathered a small but skillful mob about her. Unlike other dope smugglers she did not traffic in raw or prepared smoking opium. She specialized in one of its derivatives, morphine, which is even more profitable if you know how to make it.

This know-how was provided by two of her trusted lieutenants, Alberto Torres, known as "The Chemist" and Luis Manuel Vazquez, called, for some obscure reason "The Lawyer." It was Torres who developed a secret, ingenious process for converting opium into morphine. Vazquez, equally inventive, built a chemical plant near the poppy field to make the stuff in wholesale lots.

Narcotics agents Harold B. Westover and W. H. Crook were assigned the difficult task of running it down. Working with Customs officers they spent fruitless weeks in towns on both sides of the border trying to find a clue. Then one afternoon on the Calle Diablo in Juarez they got proof *La Nacha* was involved.

As "Jones" and "Green," a couple of Oklahoma druggists, the agents visited *La Nacha's* restaurant. Over heaping plates of *tortillas* which they lavishly praised they informed their beaming hostess that although they were in Mexico on a pleasure trip they were not averse to doing a bit of business.

La Nacha's round face grew sombre when "Jones" mentioned morphine. It lightened perceptibly when "Green" flashed a large roll of bills and casually remarked that there was more where that came from. The persuasive agents played their parts

well. *La Nacha* was about ready to grab the hook.

She introduced them to Torres and Vazquez. So convincing were they when they said that they wanted to see more of Mexico as well as purchase \$50,000 worth of morphine before returning home that *La Nacha* naively suggested that their sightseeing include a trip to the poppy field and laboratory.

The double cross was suggested by Torres when he found an opportunity to take the two agents beyond *La Nacha's* hearing.

"I don't know what deal you made with *La Nacha*," he said, "but whatever it is, Vazquez and I can cut her prices. We've been holding out on some of the stuff right along.

The agents looked thoughtful. They would want assurance that the morphine was pure, they said. Other than that it made no difference to them with whom they did business as long as the price was right.

They played a cagey game letting Torres sell them. Finally they agreed to buy a trial shipment of 55 ounces to be delivered to them on a street corner in San Antonio. For this they were to pay \$8,000 in small bills.

Apparently unaware that she had been double crossed, *La Nacha* herself demurred about making a large delivery across the border. The agents could not insist without arousing her suspicions. Besides they had unusual evidence against her in the photographs which they could turn over to Dr. Victor Fernandez Manero who was then Mexico's Minister of Public Health and whole heartedly cooperating with the American authorities.

Torres and Vazquez smuggled their shipment of morphine across the border in the false bottom of a cleverly contrived gasoline tank. The agents were waiting for them and caught them red handed. Taken to Federal court, each man was sentenced to prison for five years and fined \$5,000.

Shortly thereafter the Mexican authorities moved in on *La Nacha*. One of their agents caught her selling morphine in her restaurant. At the same time others found her beautiful poppy field and did a thorough job of plowing it under. So they bundled her off to Tres Marias, Mexico's penal islands, for four years and once again the illegal supply of morphine was checked from coming into the United States.

As this is being written on the border, the Treasury agents find that the most modern dope smuggler is taking to the air. From Durango, where there undoubtedly are fields of opium poppies still undetected by authorities, a training plane owned by an American "mining prospector" took off on a flight that somehow just didn't look right to alert border watchers.

The Customs Patrol hurried out to the desolate mesa shortly after it landed there. They found 48 pounds of prime opium valued at \$3,000 a pound on board. The plane's owner has been indicted.

The airplane, agents think, is just about the dope smuggler's last resort. The border may be long and lonely. It is possible that a smuggler's plane may fly across it undetected. But it has to come down somewhere. And when it does —

THE END



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Americanism by Mail

Subversive groups undermine this country by planting doubts about our system in the minds of Americans. This is how The American Legion is fighting these tactics on a nation-wide scale

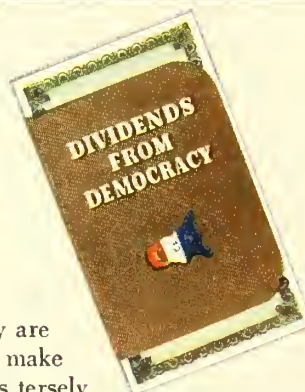
THIS month a million Americans will receive in their mail-boxes a handsome booklet entitled *Wanted, Ten Million Salesmen*. Opening it, they will find that the salesmen are needed "to help resell Americans our American way of life." Pointing out that a well-financed, highly organized campaign is under way to cause confusion and discontent in this country, the booklet asks the reader's help to crusade against un-American philosophies.

The booklet was prepared by The American Legion, the first of a series of twelve which will be issued in what is probably the greatest direct-mail program ever undertaken. The purpose in getting out the *Freedom Booklets*, as they are called, is to give Americans in simple, easily understood language a better understanding of the American system. The booklets will deal not only with our economic set-up

but with all facets of the American way of life. When mailings reach their peak it is expected that approximately five million homes will be reached each month.

As a Legionnaire you may or may not receive these mailing pieces. While the Legion prepared them and is handling distribution, they are not going to Legion members unless their names happen to be on mailing lists submitted by civic groups, Posts and other organizations which are underwriting preparation and mailing costs. Every home in the city of Peoria, Ill., for example, is receiving the *Freedom Booklets*, and in other communities large segments of the population will be getting them. In such communities, of course, Legionnaires will be on the mailing list.

Avoiding the academic approach, the attractively illustrated booklets tell their story in a way that everyone can under-



stand. They are short and make their points tersely.

Commenting on the Legion's work in telling the American story, President Truman wrote: "I am more than happy to congratulate the Legion on its campaign to educate the people of the United States in citizenship and what that means to a citizen. The work done by the Legion over

the past twenty-eight years in this line is one of its proudest accomplishments and I feel sure that this new intensive campaign will accomplish much."

Enthusiastic endorsement of the idea behind the *Freedom Booklets* has come from leaders in religion, labor, management and public life. Among the endorsers are William Green, President of the A. F. of L.; Philip Murray, President of the CIO; Cardinal Francis J. Spellman, Rabbi William F. Rosenblum and Rev. Daniel A. Poling; James Forrestal, Secretary of National Defense; General Eisenhower; Admiral Nimitz; J. Edgar Hoover; Karl T. Compton, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Tom C. Clark, Attorney General of the United States.

Vets with Ideas



Modern Medicine Men

Without benefit of incantations or weird ingredients, Medicine for Children, Inc., was started a year and a half ago by two San Francisco vets.

Howard Lubarsky, a captain in the Medical Corps and an ace drug salesman before the war, was restless, bitten with the idea that there was a rich vein to be worked in children's medications. He felt they should be custom-made to avoid fraction dosage; pleasant tasting as well as colorful—a sure-fire, double hit.

Lubarsky quit his job and spent the next few days thinking. At the end of that brain session he had the details worked out, even designed his labels.

In order to get under way he needed someone who could do the necessary research in developing this line of special pharmaceuticals. He contacted Army vet Seymour Groner, then operating his own private formula laboratory, whose enthusiasm soon matched his own.

Instead of taking a few weeks to get their line on the market it took nine months. That was the all work and no play period. During the day they bent their energies to building up the private laboratory business which had to pay the bills for the night-time research and experiments, supplies, advertising and sufficient machinery to get going.

Selling direct to the druggist, Lubarsky was the one-man sales force during the early days. There are now nine salesmen. They also contact doctors but have not, as yet, done a concentrated promotional job on them. Their advertising has kept pace with the phenomenal growth of their business.

Where only a few dollars could be spent for inexpensive brochures and mailing pieces in the beginning, they are now spending thousands under the guidance of an advertising agency.

The first month in their new 3,100 square foot building they grossed \$785. A year later they moved to 950 Columbus Avenue, a plant occupying 20,000 square feet and their 1947 gross was \$350,000 with every indication that they'll pass the million mark this year.

—By R. Lee Harrington

Private Eyes Plus

When Richard C. Westburg received his Air Force discharge, he found a wave of lawlessness sweeping the country, and veterans were being blamed for most of it. Resolved to prove that all veterans weren't criminal, he innovated in his home town, Des Moines, Ia., a profitable business which put veterans in law enforcement roles.

Westburg, 27, was broke. A GI loan financed a new station wagon. On its side he painted "Ambulance Patrol Service."

Inside, he installed the finest first aid

equipment he could buy, together with a stretcher, oxygen tank, pneumonia hood, and blood plasma apparatus. He added fire extinguishers. Then a two-way radio-phone system.

Westburg now could render four services—police patrol, ambulance, fire-guard, and first aid. Private detective licenses for himself and the two veterans he hired came next.

Then he sold the idea to people in forty square blocks of northwest Des Moines. For fifteen dollars a year, he would patrol their neighborhood from 7 p.m. to 5 a.m. nightly, inspecting their property at least once each hour. If they needed an aspirin in the middle of the night, a telephone call to his patrol car would get it in sixty seconds; window peepers no longer had a chance; if a bonfire was spreading in a vacant lot, they'd quench it.

The people are going for it in a big way. In eleven months, his patrons have increased from 58 to 900. Des Moines and its overworked safeguarding forces hope that Westburg's Ambulance Patrol Service expands still further.

—By Henry E. Bradshaw

King-Size Grab Bags

One ex-GI who is reaping a profit from a take-a-chance business is Ted Jarzembki, Decatur, Ill., who gets 1,000 surprises a week from his purchases of truck-sized grab bags.

He runs a retail merchandising store, but his unusual source of supply forestalls any ordering ahead for prospective customers. He doesn't know what his next shipment will bring.

Ex-sergeant Jarzembki buys unclaimed freight from Chicago trucking lines, which accumulate a pile of lost-in-transit goods. The contents-unknown merchandise resulting from address-unknown shipments is stuffed into trucks and sold, sight unseen, to dealers like Jarzembki.

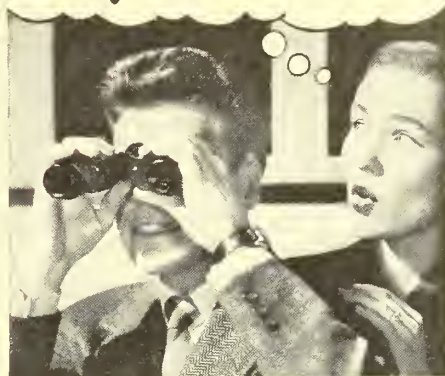
One week's shipment brought four heating stoves, 10 sets of dishes, a carton of toothpaste, a barrel of liquid soap, six dozen "Gene Autry official ranch outfits," 20 floor lamps, eight tires, six portable radios, 50 blocks of salt, and two baby buggies.

He manages to sell all, or almost all, of the items unearthed in his weekly surprise package. Two hundred old-fashioned telephone boxes, the kind with a crank on the side, went to rural phone companies. As Ted says, "There's a market for the damndest things."

It's a risky business, Jarzembki said, but he usually turns up a profit.

By Ellis Roberts

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... I DON'T NEED glasses to see that he's got Dry Scalp! His hair certainly is a mess ... it's dull looking and unkempt ... looks as though he never combed it, and there's loose dandruff, too. It's time somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check
Dry Scalp*



IT'S EASY as can be to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day make the difference. It supplements natural scalp oils ... leaves your hair natural-looking, your scalp feeling like a million. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients ... excellent with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair...and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK®

HAIR TONIC

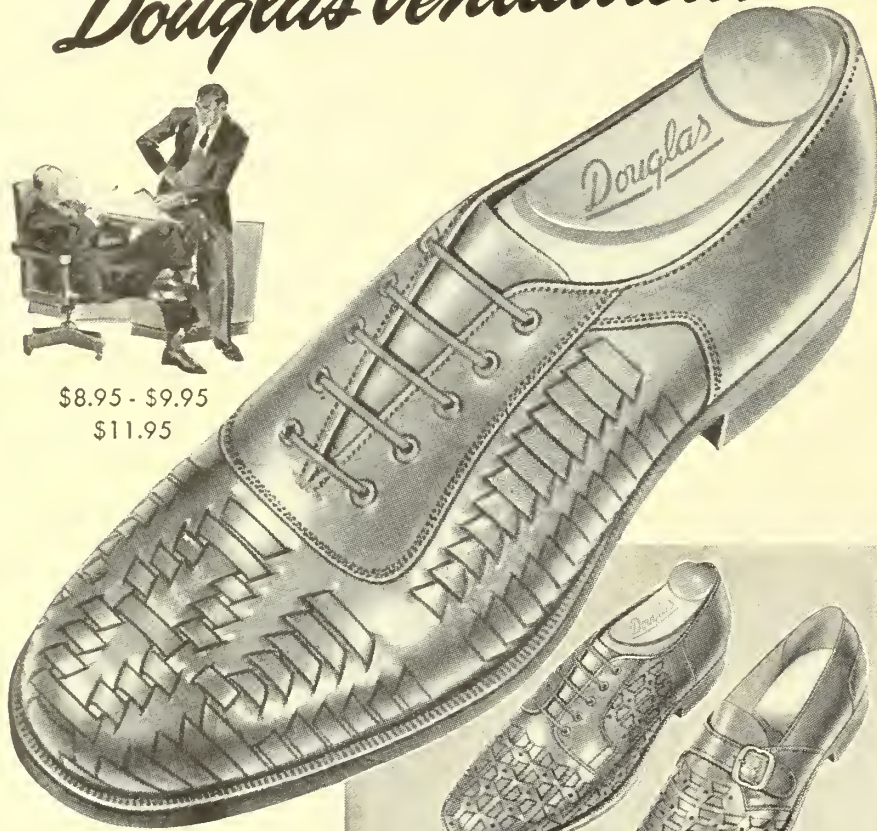
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MOVIE-CONSCIOUS KREMLINITES

(Continued from page 16)

Foundation. General Charles E. Mast, member of the French Supreme War Council now touring the U. S. as guest of our Army, presented the citation "on behalf of the peoples of my country in tribute to the gallant war record of Actor Robert Montgomery." This is the general who paved the way for the landing of Allied troops in North Africa and later became Governor-General of Tunisia. Bob volunteered as an ambulance driver in 1938 and returned to Hollywood in 1940 after the collapse of France. In 1941 he was commissioned a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy and served in the South Pacific and then returned to Europe to participate in the D-Day invasion of Normandy. He retired as a commander. Speaking of Bob, I might add that he is one of the industry's most rabid anti-Communists.

* * *

Some of you may remember Ted (later changed to Michael) North as a young Naval officer who was in the swing of things from 1942 to 1946 on a destroyer in the Pacific. He covered the territory from Catalina to Tokyo, went through the Okinawa campaign and was evacuating troops from Japan after the armistice. Others might have met him when he attended Topeka's Highland Park Grammar and High Schools and the University of Kansas at Lawrence where he received his degree in business administration. Some may recall having seen him in touring stock with his acting family. On the screen, however, you can recall him as being in only one picture, *The Unsuspected*, with Claude Rains and Joan Caulfield. But so successful was this one appearance that he is now marked for stardom. And when a vet makes good like this, I like to bring him to the attention of fellow Legion members.

Although he knows some people in the brass bracket, he has never tried to use such connections for his own benefit. By



this I mean that as a University student he squired the female kin of many of Kansas' notables, among them Patricia Eisenhower, Ike's niece, and Peggy Landon, daughter of Alf. He also knew intimately such personalities as William Allen White, Senator Arthur Capper and Clyde M. Reed, former Kansas governor, now Senator. Damon Runyon was a close friend of the family.

"My greatest claim to fame," says North, "was my business acquaintanceship with a gentleman who fined me for my first traffic ticket in his capacity as police judge in Independence, Mo., and also sold me a shirt once in Kansas City. His name was Harry Truman."

His acting comes natural as he has the tradition of three generations of troupers behind him. It will be fall before you'll see him on the screen again, but his talents are worth watching and waiting for.

When it is all narrowed down, Bob Hope is the finest guy in Hollywood. Whether you like his entertainment or not (and I do), he still remains the town's finest guy. That's because he has a heart as big as all outdoors.

In the first place, he went more places and put on more shows during the war than any other Hollywoodite—or a lot of them put together, for that matter. In the second place, he didn't do it just because there was a war going on. He did it because he wanted to. He does it all the time. It is just his nature. Just as an example, I'd like to cite just one week of his activities last December as typical of his everyday life. In addition to his regular broadcast, and his work at Paramount on pictures, he made seven benefit appearances. One was for the patients at Birmingham Hospital; one for the Los Angeles Examiner Charity Show; one on behalf of the LeRoy Boys Home here; one for the Occidental College War Memorial Fund; one for the Los Angeles Times National Sports Award Dinner; and the other two were for underprivileged children. This, mind you, in just one week.

But such is not unusual. In fact it would be an abnormal week if he didn't give of his talents to several worthy causes—and for free. It doesn't seem to matter, either, where the affair is to be. His fellow broadcasters understand, when they take a job with him, that they are subject to travel on a moment's notice. And the sponsor, too, must agree to originate the show at whatever place Hope happens to be. So if it's an orphan's home 3,000 miles away, Hope will go. He just can't say no.

When in England for the command performance and the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, he gave away every piece of clothing he didn't have to wear. That, too, is typical.

His trip to England also pointed up something else—that he knows how to combine showmanship with statesmanship. He kidded and clowning, joked with the King, but found an opportunity to get over many serious and intelligent messages and to make thousands of friends. "You don't know what you have done to cement even closer relations between Great Britain and America," Lewis W. Douglas, U. S. Ambassador to Britain, told him. THE END

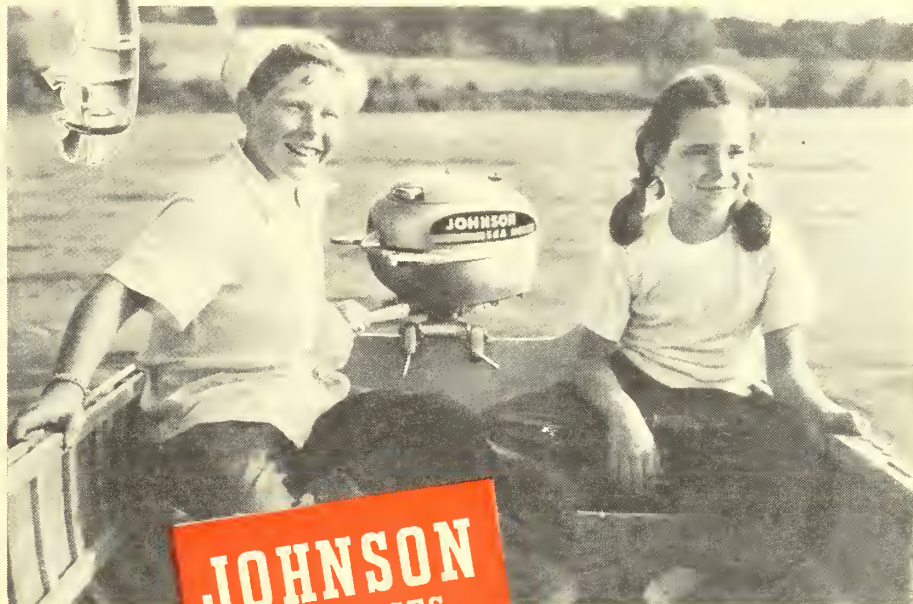
Moy, 1948

39

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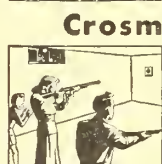
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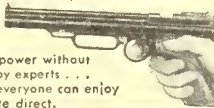


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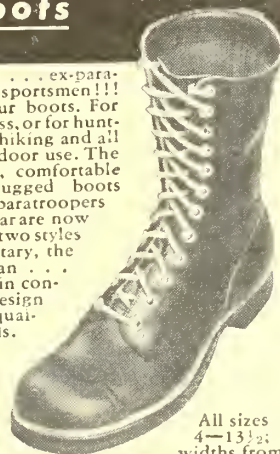
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THREE WAYS TO SELL YOURSELF

(Continued from page 25)

of the customers of the firm he served as sales correspondent. Whenever he wrote to a customer, he included a line or two about the customer's special interests—rose culture, Airdale dogs, a flock of grandchildren. That won him immediate attention and friendliness from those to whom he wrote, and they, in turn, began saying nice things about him to the boss. Before long—you know what happened, a promotion. He won favorable attention.

After a man gets attention, however, his selling is not done. It has hardly started. Confidence he must win next—and hold. There is an axiom in salesmanship to this effect—no belief, no sale.

The surest way for any man to win confidence is to know exactly what he is talking about—have the facts, all the facts. Many men fall down here. Around with them they carry a headful of half-baked ideas, few facts. One man I know has

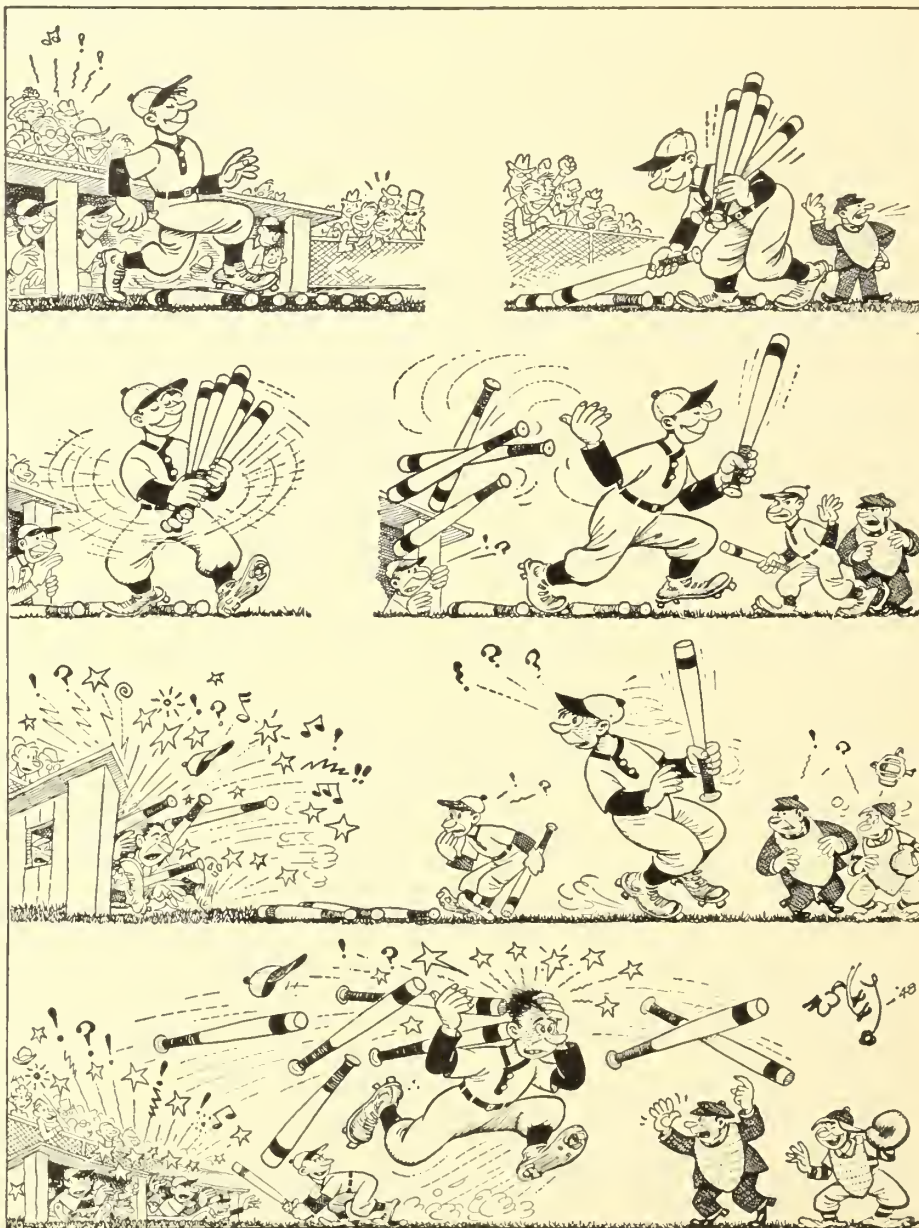
made a success of half a dozen different ventures, involving bankers and others whose confidence is hard to win, because of his reliance upon facts. "I refuse to open my head until I am sure of my facts."

But merely having facts, important as it is, is often not enough, because even interesting facts can be dull unless they are vitalized. That is why topnotch salesmen show as well as tell a thing.

An insurance salesman friend of mine in Fort Worth, to show you how this works out, has achieved mightily because he "talks with pencil and pad." Whenever he makes a statement, he writes it down before his prospect's eyes—there it all is in black and white. He has trained himself to write upside down, so that he can sit across the desk from a prospect and write. It's upside down to him what he writes, but to the prospect it is right side up. The novelty of that in itself impresses the prospects, helps hold attention.

Another way those who sell themselves win absolute confidence is by proving

BATTER-UP—By Wallgren



themselves worthy of it. One salesman I know is constantly making little promises — "I'll get you that magazine article," "Let me call you at 3:30 tomorrow," "Next time I'm in El Paso I'll send you half a dozen." Little things like that, you know — for the express purpose of proving he is a man of his word. Naturally, he always keeps these promises to the letter.

Another way to win confidence is to have ideas, the more the better. One of my closest friends is James D. Woolf, famous advertising man and business writer. It is Jim's studied opinion, after 30 years of watching the American business parade from a vantage point, that the chief difference between those who sell themselves and those who do not is that the successful are invariably "idea men." It's so simple to be such a man that Jim wonders why all men are not idea men. Anyone, he avers, can have all the ideas he wants or needs if he will spend just 30 minutes a day looking for them.

In the end, the big job of selling, whether you are selling yourself or a steam yacht, is to get action—induce your prospect to buy. And that is the final step in selling.

But here many otherwise able men fall down—they lack follow-through. They win attention in ways I have described. They win confidence. They even have ideas. But they are weak on the clincher, so they watch the better jobs and the bigger incomes go to men who are closers.

Closing sales isn't hard. As a matter of fact, closing is quite natural, quite easy. We can forget the professional techniques salesmen use, all classified and named for those who want to delve deeper into the subject, and remember just one thing—to get action ask for it.

Gaylord B. Buck, close personal friend of mine and one of America's ablest and brightest sales managers, urges his men to ask for orders every time they talk to a prospect, even when the prospect has said he isn't going to buy.

"Nine sales in ten are closed because the prospect is too weak to say no to a persistent salesman," says Gaylord. "Big trouble is that often the salesman is weaker than the prospect—afraid to ask for his order."

A young WAVE succeeded in selling herself into a fine job, right before the eyes of a dozen girls who were if anything better qualified for it, because she had the courage to ask for the job. The others did a good job of selling themselves up to a point—they told their story, they submitted their references, then waited for nature to take its course. Not the WAVE. After her interview was over, she asked the prospective employer: "May I have the job? I can start tomorrow."

"I have hired over 200 women for various jobs," her new boss told her, after answering "Yes," to her closing question. "You are the first one that ever asked me for the job—the first salesman I ever hired!"

You want a better job, is that it, or more trade for your little business, or faster promotion? It's easy—you have to sell yourself to get whatever you want, and the best prizes go to the most adroit salesmen.

THE END

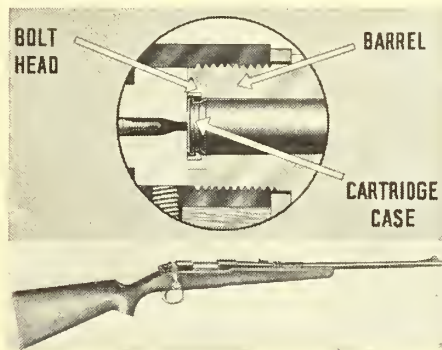
EXPLAINING A PRODUCTION MIRACLE

(Continued from page 19)

of 23,932,240 per day! As side issues they poured out over a million Springfield rifles, 166-million targets, plus shotguns and .22 rifles for training.

Their total ammunition production hit the fantastic figure of 14-billion cartridges — more than four times the number made by all manufacturers in World War I.

Without that ammunition we could not have fought a victorious war. And without such companies as Remington, which supplied sportsmen in time of peace, there would have been no miracle of production which only their "know-how" made possible, money or no money.



Model 722 rifle, above, with detail showing how cartridge is supported and enclosed

Before the plants could be built, plans had to be drawn and sites selected. Sources of tool manufacture and supply had to be found. Remington men dealt with over 500 sources, working with 12,000 people in 16 states on the manufacture of special tools alone! Few knew how to make most of those tools, many of which had to be held to tolerance of 1/10,000 of an inch; and thousands of which were worn out daily when plants started rolling. The Remington engineers performed miracles in showing makers of bicycles, traps, ash trays, hats, hair curlers and a score of other items how to convert to special tool manufacture.

Using War I machinery they turned to the manufacture of Springfield rifles. Out of 91 components in the M 1903 rifle, Remington by redesign and improved manufacturing methods eliminated 12 components. They stamped and formed at low cost and high speed 24 more components which had formerly required forging. The Ilion factory turned out as many as 3,000 a day.

Huge plants of highest efficiency were rushed to completion in record time. One outside Kansas City required a larger police force than that great city itself employed. When German scientists provided self-sealing gas tanks for their fighter planes, Remington working with Ordnance speedily developed the deadly .50 caliber incendiary bullet that overcame the strong German edge. There were other developments, too, about which little can be said even now.

This tremendous achievement of one section of American industry was high-

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lighted by a lowering of accident rate from 1.07 in peacetime to .67. Throughout the course of the war, no products of this vast organization were subject to criticism.

Politics being politics, it is doubtful that we will get effective national training except in the direst emergency. That is all the more reason, therefore, why our publicists must focus attention on those industries and manufacturers who in an emergency must be the sources of know-how and organizing ability. No matter how much money you provide the armed

Ammunition and Weapons? Illegal!

Always looking out for the welfare of the public, certain law-makers show a special interest in firearms, apparently unaware that the Constitution of the United States says: "... the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Recently a Bill was introduced in both Houses of the New York State Legislature providing that "no ammunition for use in a .22, .32, .38 or .45 caliber gun, rifle, revolver or other firearm shall be sold, or given away or otherwise disposed of, except to a person expressly authorized . . . to possess and have such a firearm . . ."

Soon afterwards another such Bill turned up in the New York State Legislature. This one would make it a felony for a person to possess a shotgun or rifle.

We don't know what is back of such legislation, but we suggest that Legionnaires look into what their respective Legislatures may be cooking up in regard to similar restrictive laws. There's more of this sort of thing than most people realize.

forces, in the final analysis it is American industry which must produce arms.

If by misrepresentation, well-meaning ignorance of personal bias the men who control the news organs blind our people to the necessity of keeping alive all industries essential to our national safety, they are shouldering a terrible responsibility.

Since we've had to say so much about Remington to point up the covert danger to our security program, perhaps this is the place to tell our gun enthusiasts about a new Remington rifle. It has remained for this organization to introduce something really new in a hi-power rifle; and also to market the arm at a sensible price.

Two models of a new Remington bolt action are now being built, Model 721 and 722. The models differ in length of receiver only. Model 721 is made in calibers .30-06, 270 Win. and .300 Magnum. 722 is made in calibers .257 Roberts and .300 Savage. The models sell at retail for \$79.95 and \$74.95 respectively. At those prices they represent outstanding buys in today's market.

On the outside these rifles look like high quality Mauser sporters. However, the bolt represents the first really important improvement in bolt action design since Paul Mauser introduced his Model 98, the rifle which is the basis for our old Springfield and Enfield.

The great improvement is in the protection given the cartridge case. When our Springfield action is closed, at least

.47" of brass case protruding from the barrel is not encased by barrel or bolt. If the case blows, it may damage or wreck the action. Incidentally, the Mauser case is much better protected than that in our Springfield. If we remember that it is almost impossible to wreck a rifle action unless the cartridge case blows out, the tremendous value of the new Remington system is apparent at a glance.

The front end of the bolt seats inside the barrel, much as a cork is stuffed part way into the neck of a bottle. Thus if the case blows out, the gas under 50,000 or more pounds pressure is held in on all



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

sides by the barrel or the recessed head of the bolt. This system was drastically tested against standard bolt actions by lodging bullets in the barrel and then firing extra-heavy proof loads. Where this and similar tough tests wrecked Springfield-type actions, it did no damage to the new Remington.

This system was used experimentally by Baron von Mannlicher in Austria way back in 1886, and during the war it was used in principle on some German machine weapons. However, the Remington rifle is the first successful commercial application. Until it appeared, most experts held that the Mauser system reached its ultimate in strength back in 1898.

This doesn't mean you should scrap all your bolt actions and dash out and buy a 721, even if the supply permitted. It does mean that a new era in high powered cartridge design is now possible; and it does mean more protection for you if you happen to be one of vast body of shooters who experiment with freak handloads — or one of the group who insist on risking the use of ammunition you are not sure fits your rifle.

THE END

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A Monthly Feature of Fun, Fact and Fancy for Outdoorsmen

Conducted by
ARTHUR CARHART

• Here's an American enterprise story laid in the outdoors, of a fellow who had an accident, made a business out of it and put an old word to a new use. Long ago Julio T. Buel accidentally dropped a teaspoon over the side of his boat as he ate a picnic lunch. Buel saw a big pike lunge at the spoon, so he filched another spoon from the family silver, decked it out with fish-hooks and made good catches.

In 1848 Buel began commercial production of "spoons." His were the first U. S. patents issued for this type of lure. The J. T. Buel Co., of Canton, N. Y., still produces lures, is celebrating its hundredth anniversary this year.

• How'd you like to get \$175 for shooting a magpie? Arthur Christly, of Alamosa, Colorado did, not so long ago, as a result of the latest innovation in pest-control measures. It is the jackpot-type bounty, which may beat the ordinary bounty all hollow. If you shoot a varmint maybe you win and maybe you don't, and it happens like this:

In Colorado, magpies—those sassy, inquisitive, black and white chatterboxes—destroy many duck, pheasant and other game-bird eggs. In an experiment to encourage sportsmen to reduce the magpie population a Denver newspaper, the State Fish and Game Department and sporting goods dealers put up \$1,350 in prizes last January.

Fifty-eight magpies bearing numbered bands were released. Each number called for a specific prize when presented, and five days later Christly brought down the "second prize magpie" and turned in the band for his \$175. At last report there was no reliable estimate of how many magpies had been destroyed in hopes of hitting a "jackpot bird."

• Not so long ago a lot of people were giving lip service to the idea that when they went hunting it was for food, when actually very few of them ate what they caught. But the day may already have come when beef and pork and mutton have passed their peak, and the pressure of population will turn more and more people back to eating more grain products and less meat. Wild game is never going to take the place of butcher store meat, but all over the country hunters and fishermen are thinking more and more seriously of cooking and eating all that's edible of the game they catch. There is a trend in the

outdoor magazines to run more recipes for preparing game and fish, and whole cookbooks on the subject are increasing in popularity. You'd be surprised at some of the game that you might have sneered at as a delicacy a few years ago which is being accepted as yummee today . . . and really is when fixed right.

• Fact. Want to know what kind of a life that trout you just caught lived? Just compare his head to his body. From neck to tail a trout will grow slowly or rapidly according to how well he's been living, but his head will grow at a constant rate. A trout with a small head and a heavy body is a young fish who's been well-fed and happy. A big-headed trout with a slimmer body is an old fish that hasn't been getting his proper amount of spinach.

• If you're going into the back woods take along a handful of 10-penny nails. With these and your axe or hatchet you can make handy camp furniture out of small poles.

• Here are a couple of ideas for making the handling of fish hooks and flies easier in the field. Instead of hooking flies through your hatband and eventually gnawing it all to pieces, slip ordinary paper clips over the band and clip snell or hook eyelet under these.

If you want to spend a little money, there's a new box for artificial flies that's magnetized. You simply touch the hook to the inside surface and the fly is held there instead of dropping to the bottom to tangle with the others.

• Remember this. One tree can make more than a thousand matches and one match can burn more than a thousand trees.

• Pedigreed English Setter puppies are being given away by Dr. Milton D. Proctor, president of Westbrook Junior College, Portland, Maine. Jennie S. Tibbets, of New Portland writes to tell us the story—an excellent one for our Memorial Day issue.

Dr. Proctor's son, Lieut. Morris Dewing Proctor, was killed in the Mindoro landings in the Philippines in 1944. The young soldier had been extremely proud of his pedigreed setter, Smokey, which he had left behind in Portland, and he talked of Smokey so often and so vividly to his comrades-in-arms that they felt they knew Smokey too.

Dr. Proctor resolved to memorialize his son by giving away every puppy sired by Smokey. First priority goes to men of Lieut. Proctor's old company, the 783rd Petroleum Distribution. Second priority

goes to other servicemen and third priority to young boys who want to be good hunters but could not afford a fine dog with a pedigree. Two litters of six pups each have already been distributed.

• Chief Warden Moore fired three shots of a high-powered rifle into the locked antlers of two fighting bucks near Bismarck, N. D., and shattered the antlers. One buck ran away. The other fell, stunned, later rose and staggered off into the woods. Normally both deer would have died.

Don't You Believe It

Old Zack Quigley always liked to have a dog live with him, because he'd never found a woman who could stand his ways. The years Zack lived way up in the goat country he got a pooch called Timberline that grew a thicker crop of hair than Zack's beard. The dog made out fine up in the high snow, but Zack brought Timberline down to the low country the year he prospected Death Valley and the dog couldn't stand the heat.

By the time they'd crossed the desert this loving mongrel had all the hair singed off his south side by the sun, but kept all the wool on his shady side.

Man and dog met up with a fellow in Lone Pine who wanted a dog bad but couldn't make up his mind if he should get an airedale or a Mexican hairless. It broke Zack's heart to sell Timberline to that man but he thought it was best to do so because he'd never find another customer like him.

The stranger took good care of the mutt and built a hair- tonic business just out of claiming he'd applied his concoction to one half of Timberline and hadn't applied it to the other half.

That's how Zack tells it.



Outdoor Books

Review for this month is a volume put out by *Outdoor Life Magazine*, an activity of the Popular Science Publishing Co. It is called *2000 Ideas For Sportsmen*, and it is 242 pages of Questions and Answers, broken down into six sections: Rifles, Shotguns, Dogs, Fishing, Camping and Boating. The publishers say the questions are a cross-section of thousands of inquiries which the editors receive every year and they "represent the true problems of flesh and blood sportsmen." We agree.

Anybody who likes to read Questions and Answers in magazines will go for this, and we simply throw up our hands at the idea of trying to give you a sense of the kind of ground 242 pages of Questions and Answers covers.

If your specialty is any one of the six major sections you'll learn a lot of answers . . . and a lot of questions.

One we liked was the answer to a Louisianan who wanted to go on a six-months hike through Alaska alone. You might like the recipes for cooking crow, pickling fish, canning rabbit meat or keeping bacon fresh for several weeks. Your neighbor might like the advice on using .22 shorts in a .22 long rifle gun, how to breed a dog for killing wolves or what kind of a fly rod to use in the Ozarks.

The regular edition sells for \$2.98 and is available at bookstores or through the Legion Book Service (see page 51).

FASTEST GROWING HOBBY

(Continued from page 21)

model flying a "must" study in Nazi schools. Thus, without technically violating the Versailles treaty, he was able to give future Luftwaffe flyers their first training in aviation. Japan and Italy also twisted the meaning of the hobby to fit their totalitarian training ideas.

Russia not only has clamped strict controls on the hobby but in addition has thrown around it the cloak of secrecy. It is forbidden, on pain of imprisonment, to discuss "flying crate" experiments in the Soviet. Russian youth can carry on the hobby—under the gaze of a Commissar, behind a special, junior-size iron curtain.

But dictator nations had the drop on America in their recognition that the hobby was more than "just kids fooling around with toy planes." It was not until the holocaust of Pearl Harbor that our officials awoke to the full importance of the "half pint aviation" fad.

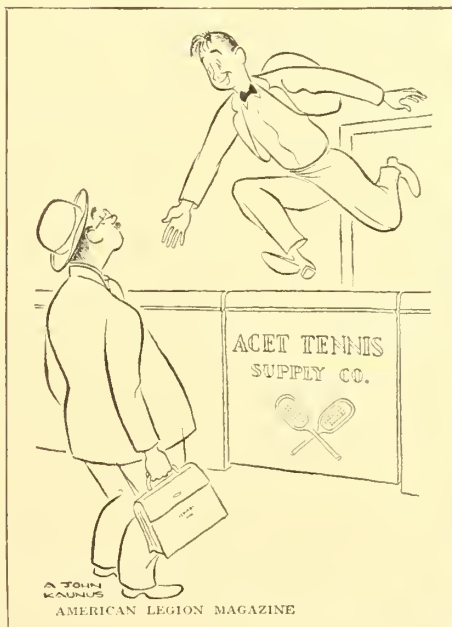
Several hundred top amateurs were pulled in for highly secret projects at Langley Field and elsewhere. Many of the planes which ripped Axis countries were first tested by the "toy plane boys," working now in deadly earnest. Many life saving devices and improvements were worked out by these men—on model scale.

One grim Air Force problem of those early months was the flat spin. Planes swirling into this dizzy horizontal spin didn't come out. It meant curtains for ship and crew.

Air Force leaders put the model plane boys onto this problem. Day and night they carried on tests in wind tunnels at Langley Field, with plane models suspended on steel wires.

The boys got the answers. They were able finally to turn over to AAF authorities methods for bringing planes safely out of the spin. Hundreds of our flyers owe their lives to that one research job of the "model plane boys."

Flying the "crates" as a hobby was



A JOHN KAUNIS
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

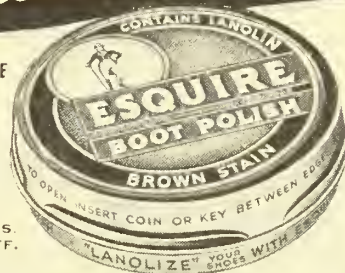
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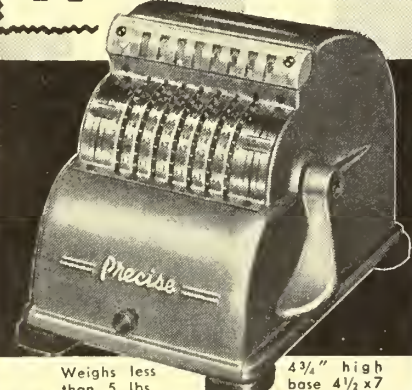
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pretty much out during the war. But with peace returned, the Government "decontrolled" the planes and handed them back to the fans. There will be no Commissars telling our kids when or how to build or fly their planes.

Citizen groups are working, however, to keep high the interest in the hobby. The Legion, one of the first to recognize the importance of the "crates," today is sponsoring model plane clubs and contests through local Posts across the nation. In addition, the Legion sponsors the annual nation model plane meet, one of the country's greatest sporting events.

Consider the part it is playing in veterans' hospitals, particularly for those disabled "vets" who were once combat flyers.

In the rehabilitation of such men, the "crates" have special values. "The man who builds a plane wants to make it fly," a leading psychiatrist explained to this writer. "That's particularly true if he's a former flyer. And the urge to make the plane fly helps to build his will to get well, to get out of that bed."

"Model plane therapy" has become a regular part of the schedule in many of the hospitals. Competitions are also held, for both flying models and for non-flying "scale" models as well.

Frank Nekimkin, one of the country's leading model builders and now director of Legion model plane activities, told me of a contest he judged at Vaughn General Hospital, where the winning plane was a scale model of an ME-109 German fighter.

"The workmanship was amazing," Frank declared. "After the contest, they took me to meet the winner, a boy who had been a fighter pilot. He was paralyzed from the waist down."

Frank chatted with the man, asked him how he happened to make that particular model. The flyer grinned up from the bed. "It was an ME-109 shot me down," he said. "By God, I'll never forget a detail of that plane, as long as I live."

Costs of kits are within reach of the coins in a kid's pocket. Many sell for under a dollar. With costs of tools and construction materials added in, a glider or rubber-powered model can still be built for only a few dollars.

"Gassies" — planes powered with gas engines — can be built for as little as twenty dollars, although the average large plane will cost about forty dollars. The tiny gas engines, first developed in the 1930's are now produced on mass production basis. Model jet engines can also be purchased. And some oil companies now sell small cans of special "juice" for running the halfpint engines.

Contests are held under rules of the Academy of Model Aeronautics in Washington, founded in 1934. Major types of contests are the "free flight" and the "control-line flight." In the latter, two steel wires are attached to the plane and held by the contestant while the plane is in flight.

Advantage of control-line flying is that a plane can't soar out of sight and get lost, a special hazard for gas powered planes. One free-flight "gassie" vanished from view in a contest event and wasn't found until three days later, fifty-six miles from point of takeoff.

Speeds reached by these "toy planes" are almost incredible. Gas-powered models have attained up to 135 miles an hour. Jet models, still in experimental stages, have reached as high as 131 miles an hour.

All ages compete at meets. To keep things equal for "young tites" and oldsters, events are staged in three main groups — for juniors, up to sixteen; for seniors, sixteen to twenty, and for adults, twenty-one or over.

At the last national meet in Minneapolis, competition was the keenest in history. Winner and national champion was Frank Cummings, Jr. brilliant model plane expert from Burbank, California.

The mighty midgets also perform valiant service in the battle on juvenile delinquency, in the job of keeping busy hands and minds of boys who might otherwise be out seeking trouble.

There is a special democracy about the people who fly the "crates." There are no barriers of age or class, creed or color. "Nobody asks who your people are or what side of the tracks you come from," one Long Island fan expressed it. "Anywhere you go in the country, it's the same thing. If you build and fly the crates—they're all your pals."

But it is a hobby of vast meaning to our nation, and to our youth. For air power is peace power — and air power begins with model aviation. The "toy planes" of today may hold the answer to survival in our Air Age, by insuring us of an air-wise youth which will soar to new achievements — across tomorrow's skies.

THE END

AT YOUR SERVICE IN WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 15)

made it a serviceable office building. Outside it remains an ivy covered brick house of the 1890 era. It is barely big enough for present needs, and the Legion owns a building site at Louisiana Avenue and D streets, near the Capitol, on which it plans to erect a handsome Washington headquarters when building conditions are easier than today. The first Legion office in the capital, the National Legislative Committee, was established by order of the first national convention in 1919 and had its place of business in one room of a law firm's office. Then as now the whole committee, made up of volunteers appointed by the National Commander and the National Executive Committee, held one or more meetings in Washington each year to discuss policy and procedure. The staff began with the part-time service of one director and one stenographer. Its work has grown a hundred fold or more, but it operates today with one director, two assistants, and five women in the office.

From the beginning of the Legion, John Thomas Taylor has been Director of this Commission, except for the period of his World War II service. To know the details of the hundreds of bills in Congress, the executive orders of the President and the federal departments, and the other matters watched and worked on by the legislative staff, one must read the annual report of the commission. To know how the work is done is one of the many duties of the National

Commander, and I can report as have my predecessors that I have learned three things about Jack Taylor. He knows his business, he gets it done, and there is a tremendous lot of it.

The best known work of our legislative office over the years has been working with the Congress of the United States on laws affecting veterans and laws in which the Legion membership has a definite interest. When a national convention determines that the Legion shall ask Congress for a necessary statute, it becomes the duty of the legislative staff to ask a Senator or Congressman or both to introduce such a bill. It then follows that bill through committees of each house of Congress, arranges hearings on it, produces witnesses and data in support of it, makes all members of both Houses familiar with it, seeks the support of the President, and meets all arguments opposing it. This work is sometimes called lobbying. Because the secret efforts of special interests to secure or influence legislation is also called lobbying, that work has at times had a sinister connotation. The Legion's lobby in Washington is neither secret, private, nor mysterious. It is an open public service, openly conducted. Taylor himself is a legally registered "lobbyist" for The American Legion. His salary and that of his assistants, and their expenses, are matters of public record. The whole legislative expense of the Legion for its last fiscal year was \$67,419.20. Yet the "Legion Lobby" is sometimes described as a great "pressure group" and a magic force mysteriously bending the Congress of the United States to its will.

Our interest in legislation is not by any means confined to matters of direct veteran welfare, numerous and complicated as those matters are. Our whole national defense hinges on Acts of Congress, and the Legion is concerned in all of that subject. Many subjects, such as housing, child welfare, and employment, are constantly before Congress in many ways. All of the adopted policies of government remain effective through annual appropriations by Congress, and are thus subject to study and review year by year. Our legisla-

tive office watches all of them carefully.

The White House and the Executive Departments all deal with many, many matters in which the Legion is concerned. In direct veterans affairs, President Truman has recognized that interest by naming his army aide, Major General Harry Vaughan, as liaison officer for the President with veterans organizations. Executive orders, rules and regulations of this bureau and that commission, budget activities, all are woven into the warp and woof of legislative activity.

The care of disabled veterans was the second problem that brought about a permanent American Legion office in Washington. While hundreds of thousands, and as a result of two wars now millions of claims for compensation, pensions and other benefits for disabled veterans and their widows and orphans are in the many branches of the U. S. Veterans Administration, the Central Office at Washington makes the policies and rules under the laws enacted by Congress. Early in its career the Legion found need for its own central clearing house near the V. A. center of authority. Based on years of experience with all phases of this work, the present National Rehabilitation Commission directs such work through its Washington Staff.

T. O. Kraabel has been Director of this office for the past eight years, as Watson B. Miller, now U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, was for two decades earlier. The "rehab" staff in Washington is small, because thousands of post service officers and the state service officers carry the bulk of the load, but it is compact and expert. Its unpaid staff is as important as the salaried workers. The Medical Advisory Board, for example, is made up of some of America's ablest physicians, serving the Legion without pay in guiding the Rehabilitation Commission on medical problems. Similarly there is an Insurance Advisory Board, a vocational Training Advisory Board, and a general Advisory Board. These volunteer groups usually hold their meetings in Washington, with the permanent staff in attendance.

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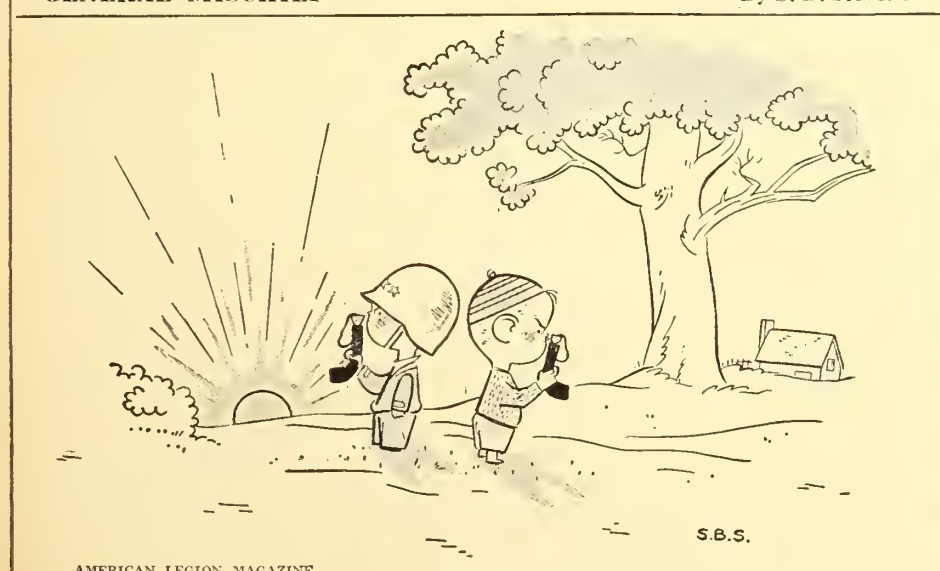
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To the Washington office each annual convention sends some hundreds of resolutions, adopted after clearing through Department conventions. Some of these call for new laws or amendments thereto, while many more deal with Veterans Administration rules and procedure. On matters needing congressional action, the Rehabilitation and Legislative staffs work together. On other matters affecting the disabled, the central load is on Kraabel and his staff. This staff also handles a great many individual cases, but only the test cases and appealed cases that could not be disposed of in the branch offices. Some 20,000 of these per year is average.

In the Washington office also is the Legion's central study of the hospital problem and the medical service of the Government. In its annual reports you will find all of the facts about the hospital-construction program, good and bad. There you will also learn of special Legion efforts, such as the rheumatic fever research project. I cannot in this article even list all of these activities.

Because the G.I. Bill has been administered by the Veterans Administration, Legion watchfulness of its operation has largely been in the hands of the Rehabilitation staff, although its benefits extend to able bodied as well as to disabled veterans. The staff also worked with the Government on details of the terminal-leave-pay statute and its administration. Vocational training for the disabled is part of the rehabilitation program, and that in turn leads to work for the employment of the re-trained veteran. In this work the Rehabilitation staff works closely with the Employment Committee staff in the same Washington office.

The third national group of activities of the Legion which has its main office in Washington is the National Economic Commission. Within it are grouped the Legion matters dealing with the economic welfare of the veterans, including the committees on employment, housing, labor relations, agriculture, veteran's preference and postwar America. Director of the little group of three men and two women servicing these divisions of Legion work is Elbert H. Burns, a former Chef de Chemin de Fer of the 40 and 8 society, and for some years a special assistant to the National Adjutant. The work of this Commission is in numerous aspects a co-operative task with the Legislative and Rehabilitation staffs.

Employment of veterans has had national direction from Washington for many years, developing into a major activity through the depression of the previous decade and through the growing need to advance employment opportunities for the older veterans and the physically handicapped. Paul H. Griffith developed and directed this service for several years, prior to his second war service. Last year he was National Commander of the Legion. Ralph Lavers has for some years directed the employment work and the veterans' preference work in Washington and remains in charge of these duties as a member of the Economic Commission staff.

Listing the Foreign Affairs Commission as an activity in Washington without any staff except such services as Leonce R.



No Cash Sale

In the gay days when most of the boys were just getting back from their trip over the deep drink, the Army Air Force loaned planes to beribboned colonels for their personal pleasure jaunts.

This particular silver B-17 was loaned to this particular colonel for a very particular football game on the west coast. He casually loaded the plane down with smiling young majors and a captain or two, and they were off to the game.

Coming in for the landing on the costal field the colonel took over the controls himself, for landings had always fascinated him. The wheels touched the runway and the colonel started applying the brakes, but the familiar pssh-eeek sound was missing—the brakes weren't holding.

"Good God!" the co-pilot shouted "Watch out, Sir!" But it was too late.

One wing cracked against a radar shack on the edge of the field, and made midget kindling of it. The wheels of the swiftly-moving flying fortress moved off the runway and encountered an iron fence set in cement at the edge of the field, but nothing could stop the Army Air Corps as fifty feet of barbed wire was ripped up. The plane then bounced down into a five-foot ditch and hopped right up on the busy highway where, luckily at that time, there were no cars. Still forging ahead the mighty machine plowed into several gas tanks, and then proceeded to move a filling station about four feet off its foundations.

As the dazed attendant rushed out, probably thinking another earthquake had come to California, the colonel leaned out of the shattered nose of his plane.

"No need to fill 'er up!" he shouted. "Just wipe off the windshield, please!"

—By Robert Rieker

Legendre performs in the part time capacity as its director simply indicates that this is a policy study body in whose hands rests much preparatory work for the National Executive Committee and the National Conventions. American Legion policy for peace and international understanding is a great and primary objective of our organization, but not one requiring any large central working force of employees.

In reporting herein the activities of the Washington office for the information of the whole membership, I have purposely left until last any description of the Administrative section, although the Assistant National Adjutant who heads it is the chief of the Washington office. In that capacity, Legendre is something more than a routine administrative director. It is true that he manages the building on K street, the general clerical and stenographic forces, mailing, stock room and similar details. The teletype system which keeps the Indianapolis, Washington and New York offices in constant immediate communication is under his direction. But Legendre and his staff have broader duties than these. All of the Legion activities which have no offices of their own in Washington must frequently call on that office for services at the capital city, and those manifold services are the business of the Administrative staff.

A few examples will indicate what the office may be asked to do. It makes the arrangements for Boys Forum and Girls Nation, for which the Legion brings boys and girls from each State to the national capital each year for a week of practice at the work of government. When the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, sponsored by the Legion Auxiliary, is arranging its annual session in Washington, the Legion office lends its services in making hall, banquet, hotel and travel reservations, inviting speakers, contacting the White House and the military establishments and other parties of interest. Similar duties are performed for a variety of Legion committee meetings,

conferences, and special events. The annual Armistice Day commemoration at Arlington and other matters pertinent to the greatest of National Cemeteries and burial place of America's Unknown Soldier call for preparatory work by the Washington administrative staff.

Legendre is a veteran of both World Wars and is happily a person of equable temper who likes meeting people and getting things done. I have never heard him say, regardless of the varied and numerous demands upon him, "This is not my business." Since I am, for this Legion year, his boss, I am not going to be the first to tell him what is or what is not his business. All of the Legion business in Washington is his business, and he gets it tended to.

In this informal report to the Legion about its Washington office, I am not seeking to portray that relatively small establishment as a free-for-all service station for every Legion member who wants anything from Washington. The office is small, and budget limitations with which I, as National Commander, have had my share of struggles, must keep it that way. It gets results for the Legion in certain contacts with our Government, but one reason it gets them is because it tries to seek the right and reasonable things, and to avoid the frivolous, petty and unreasonable. Our legislative staff, for example, is quite fully occupied with measures proposed or approved by our national conventions, and is not available to promote the interests of your home town chamber of commerce. The rehabilitation staff has its hands full of appeal cases, and can hardly be expected to turn its attention to the cases which should be handled by local or departmental services officers. The veteran's preference service of the Legion is not set up to get a particular federal job for a particular veteran, but to see that fair and sound rules are made covering preference for all veterans, and that they are justly administered.

THE END



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THE EDITORS

NEW UNIT HISTORIES

THE 3D MARINE DIVISION. Edited by Lt. Col. Robert T. Vance. \$5.00.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION. Edited by Bevan G. Cass. \$5.00.

These histories of two Marine Divisions are excellent tactical studies of some of the hardest fighting of the Pacific War. The 3d Marine Division fought on Bougainville and Guam, and climaxed its combat career in the hell of Iwo Jima; the 6th, organized late in the war, fought at Okinawa.

Of the two books, the history of the 3d Division is the more complete operational study, although both historians have provided a wealth of detail, and superior maps and photographs to supplement their narratives.

Conversely, the Cass history of the 6th Division provides a bit more human interest, more accounts of individual actions, largely because its single campaign allows the inclusion of more detail.

Both of these histories give the military and historical facts, but no one should assume that they read like field manuals. They were outlined and produced for the men who served with these divisions. They have more than enough life and excitement to interest any ex-3d or -6th Division Marine, and anyone else who has an interest in the Pacific War.

FROM SALERNO TO THE ALPS: A History of the Fifth Army, 1943-1945. By Lt. Col. Chester G. Starr, Jr. \$5.00.

From Salerno to the Alps is a brilliant condensation and re-writing of the official nine-volume History of the Fifth Army by a professional historian whose wartime service was with the Fifth Army Historical Section.

It is an account that should appeal to any man who fought in Italy. Here, for the first time, is the "big picture" of the Italian campaign and Fifth Army's part in it as well as the achievements of the divisions and regiments—many of them among the finest in World War II—that enabled an Army which was almost always short of men and heavy fire support to perform the double miracle of whipping fierce German opposition and almost impossible terrain.

The book is well illustrated with photographs and more than forty maps and is a must for those who would understand what the fighting in Italy was all about.

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PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE

By Dr. Paul M. A. Linebarger. 259 Pages; Index; Illustrated; \$3.50.

If the publishers of this book had named it *Subversive Propaganda—How to Fight It*, or had given it some other name that indicated the book dealt with every-day matters and ordinary people, they might have had much trouble keeping up with the demand. The book does exactly that. It tells you how you are the target for propaganda, friendly and enemy, *right now*. It tells what psychological warfare is, what it does, how it is fought, and who fights it.

A book on this subject might have been very studious, loaded with ten-dollar words and page-long paragraphs. But not this one. It is good reading as well as instructive. There are almost a hundred illustrations, many of them propaganda leaflets from the time of the Revolutionary War to the American raids on Japan. The author, who was a psychological warfare officer in China and in Washington, has the knack of explaining his subject in plain language. It is an important subject; all the more important because all Americans are the targets in a psychological war right now—in a war that could well determine our future as a nation, even though not a bullet were fired.

This is the only full explanation of a subject vital to every member of The American Legion.

ADVENTURE CALLING

IRREGULAR GENTLEMAN

The Record of a Casual Life. By James Warner Bellah. 248 Pages; \$3.00.

Colonel James Warner Bellah is at the moment teaching at the University of Pennsylvania. From his book of world-around adventure, this quiet period of his life can hardly be expected to last.

Colonel Bellah has lived, as he says, "irregularly," and that kind of life has led him to many out-of-the-way places, in one capacity or another. With "the supreme courage of ignorance" he flew the rickety combat planes of World War I. He was intelligence officer with an infantry division in Tennessee in the early days of World War II. Not long afterward, he was with Lord Mountbatten in and about Burma. In the latter years of the

war he accomplished as much as any one man in the Army toward showing the American public what the Infantry really was and what it deserved in their hearts.

Between wars, he met a remarkable number of strange and wonderful people, and sandwiched into his life activities all the way from serious drinking in New York clubs to story-swapping with Manchurian bandits. *Irregular Gentleman* is his twelfth book—one of his best.

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I SAW POLAND BETRAYED

By Arthur Bliss Lane. 344 Pages; Index; \$3.50.

Arthur Bliss Lane was American Ambassador to Poland from 1944 to 1947. He resigned from the State Department to write the story of what he saw in Poland in those years. "I felt," he says, "that the facts which had brought about the tragedy of the Polish situation should be placed publicly on the record. This could not be done so long as I remained an official of the United States Government; for the facts would indicate not only the intellectual dishonesty of the Soviet and Polish governments, but also the grievous errors which our own Government had made in following a policy of appeasement with Stalin."

Ambassador Lane had really remarkable opportunities for observing the techniques which the Soviet nation uses to absorb an independent people, to encroach inch by inch upon their liberties, to build a police state. Observation and personal experience convinced him that the Soviet government, far from observing a free press and free elections in Poland, was prepared and equipped to interfere with his own ambassadorial dispatches to the United States. *I Saw Poland Betrayed* is a study of damnable politics-in-action, and a complete refutation of the "democratic" propaganda in which the Communist Party tries to clothe itself in the West. It is an excellent handbook on Soviet political action.

STIMSON STORY

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

By Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy. \$5.00.

Colonel Stimson devoted a large part of his long and active life to the service of his Government. He was Secretary of State and twice Secretary of War, and he served in other capacities, and was an officer of field artillery in World War I. His extremely interesting book deals chiefly with his years of Government work, and goes into greatest detail about his experiences in World War II.

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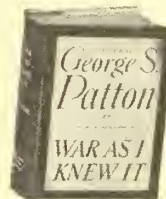
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A Credit Plan

The installment plan
Is here to stay,
But not the things
We buy that way.

—By J. L. Salter

Motor Trouble

In the early days of the war, the Troop Carrier Command established a glider pilot training program at Alliance, Nebraska. Probably very few people in this sparsely settled section had ever seen or even heard of a glider being towed by a mother plane. Certainly it must have been a new sight to an old farmer who dwelt some ten miles from the field.

On one of his monthly trips to town soon after the gliders arrived he expressed his sympathy to one of the pilots at a corner hangout.

"Sure feel sorry for you boys these cold mornin's," he drawled, "havin' to drag those dern airplanies around half the sky trying to get them engines started. Have the same trouble with my dern old tractor!"

—By William A. Dixon

Kin Folks

The trouble with rich relatives
And I'll not be verbose,
Is either they are distant ones
Or, if not distant, close.

—By Leo J. Burke

Too Much and Too Little

An aged Negro woman described a younger member of her congregation as having, "Jes' enough 'ligion to make her mis'able—too much to be happy dancin', drinkin', and carryin' on, an' too little to be right happy at prayer meetin'."

—By Pete Simer

When You Gotta Rock

Eph Williker, the laziest man in Jayhawk county, was conducting an experiment. Lolling in his favorite rocker on the front porch of his little cabin, he would turn his face to the west and rock a little while, then turn toward the south and rock some more. Changing back, the experiment would go on.

"What's the trouble, Eph?" his wife called out, finally attracted by his peculiar conduct. "What air ye movin' about so much fur?"

"Jest trying to find out which is the easiest—rockin' east and west with the wind or north and south with the grain in the floor," was Eph's reply.

—By Thelma Hall Quast

There are three sides to every question
—your side, his side, and to hell with it.

—By A. A. Lattimer

And Shure Alike

Andrew Carnegie received a visit one day from a Socialist who preached to him eloquently the injustice of one man possessing so much money. The visitor advo-

cated a more equitable distribution of the Carnegie wealth. The great philanthropist cut the discussion short by asking his secretary for a statement of his numerous possessions and holdings. With this before him, he turned to an almanac on his desk and looked up the figures on world population. After doing some figuring on his desk pad, Carnegie gave these instructions to his secretary:



"Give this gentleman 16 cents, please.
That's his share of my wealth!"

—By T. J. McInerney

Morning After

When I consider what I spent,
I'm in no mood to joke.
Last evening I was pleasure bent,
This morning—pleasure broke.

—By Richard Armour

Ghost Story

When Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, was courting the young widow Buchanan he had a distance of several miles to walk. In order to shorten his nocturnal pilgrimage he would cut across a field, vault over a fence and walk through the cemetery.

This desecration of sacred soil by known infidel outraged a few of the more austere members of the congregation and they decided to put an end to it by teaching him a lesson.

An apparition was arranged that was intended to scare the notorious hero into a reform.

One night when he vaulted over the fence into the cemetery, the intrepid Allen landed in a pit six feet deep.

From above came a series of weird incantations ending with "Ethan Allen, what are you doing in my grave?"

Unperturbed, Allen looked up at the tall spectral figure coming toward him and asked "Well, what the hell are you doing out of it?"

—By Claire E. Bouffard

Good Business

A partially disabled vet of Chicago, having turned house-to-house salesman, is cleaning up these days selling signs which read, "No Agents," "Peddlers Keep Out," etc.

—By Paul Saunders

Cute Sayings Dept.

"The housing shortage that is a figment of the imagination now will grow even more real as long as these (rent) controls last."

—National Apartment Owners' Assn.

Chinese Wisdom

While many American magazine editors fret themselves into a frenzy when an occasional typographical error creeps into their pages, Chinese editors are fully aware of the inflational effect the discovery of such errors has on a reader's ego. And because of this, Chinese editors intentionally insert a few in their periodicals.

—By Perry Saums

Now read the magazine carefully for errors.
If you find any you'll know why we put them in.—The Editors



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



True to Tradition

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